

John Duke 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 53—Vol. II. New Series.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AND MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE IN CONSULTATION ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. (See page 7.)

Notes of the Week.

An inquiry was held on Saturday by Mr. Payne, at the Bethlehem Asylum, into the death of William Tucker, aged sixty-one, who committed suicide in that institution, of which he had been an inmate since 1856. Deceased was confined in consequence of a delusion that he had murdered his son, and that his relatives abhorred him. He was so intelligent, however, upon other points that he was made clerk to the chaplain, and he used to say the responses, in the church on Sundays, and he was also allowed pass-keys to take him over the male wards. He used to be allowed out to see his friends at Acton, but was always anxious to return to the asylum, as he said he was not fit to take care of himself. On Thursday week he got into the vestry-room of the chapel, provided with a jack-towel and silk handkerchief. He tied the towel to a beam in the roof, and then made a noose of the silk handkerchief, which he fastened around his throat, and then suspended himself from the towel. An attendant found deceased hanging, and quite dead. The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased committed suicide whilst of unsound mind."

ARRAS A couple of hours descent of rain a clap of thunder broke over London about two o'clock on Monday. The report frightened a spirited mare that was standing in a hansom cab on the Haymarket rank, and the animal dashed off at full speed down the street, turning to the left in the open space near the equestrian statue of George III. In doing so the near wheel of the cab struck the block of stone which guards the lamp-post at the corner, and the cab was thrown over on its side and completely destroyed. The cabman, who was standing at the time on the pavement, was a helpless spectator of his misfortune.

An interesting volunteer brigade field-day, under the command of Colonel M'Murdo, Inspector-General of Volunteers, took place on Saturday, at Panshanger-park. The proceedings, with the exception of a serious accident to one of the volunteers, passed off most satisfactorily. While, however, the men were changing and capturing a bridge over the lake with fixed bayonets, one of the Queen's (Westminsters) was observed to fall in the ranks on the bridge, and it was with the greatest difficulty his comrades avoided trampling on him. On being raised it was discovered he had received a most frightful wound, it is believed from the bayonet of his comrade immediately in rear of him, who had his rifle on the slope, and also stumbled. The unfortunate man, whose name is Adams, and who is a member of No. 8 Company (Broadwood's), having been carried to the side of the lake and laid on the grass, appeared in a fainting, and it was at first supposed dying, condition. It was thought, from the quantity of blood, that the bayonet had entered the abdomen. Drs. Cross and Leonard, surgeons of the regiment, were, however, speedily on the spot, and having all the necessary surgical appliances ready on the field, at once proceeded to probe the wound, and make an examination. It was then discovered that instead of passing upward it had fortunately passed in a lateral direction, completely through the thick part of the thigh, close to the groin, and within, it is stated, a distance of not thicker than a penny piece from the femoral artery. Having administered stimulants, the poor man revived, and the wound being properly dressed, a light cart was procured to convey him to the Hertford County Hospital, but having a wife and six children he begged to be brought to town, and was conveyed to the station in charge of some of his comrades.

THE EGHAM RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

On Monday the inquest was held on the body of Mr. Esau Trigg, who died on Friday morning week at the Charing-cross Hospital from the effects of the injuries he received in the collision between two special trains returning from Asot races. Mr. Trigg, though dangerously injured, insisted upon being brought out from Egham immediately after the accident, and conveyed to one of the London hospitals. He was a tavern keeper at Brighton, and is the sixth victim of the catastrophe, and the third public-house keeper who was in the carriage that was destroyed, and whose injuries terminated fatally.

Dr. Edwin Canton, of Montague-place, Russell-square, surgeon to the Charing-cross Hospital, deposed: I saw deceased between nine and ten o'clock on Wednesday morning at the hospital. He had a severe contusion of the right and a less severe contusion of the left shoulder. Four of the lower ribs on the right side were broken, and there was evidence around them that the lung had been in consequence ruptured. The whole of the right leg below the knee was in all its thickness severely bruised. There was a fracture of both bones of that leg close below the knee-joint. That was the extent of the injuries. I attended the deceased up to the time of his death, which occurred on Friday last at half-past one a.m. About two hours before his death symptoms of collapse presented themselves, and he died in that state. I made a post-mortem examination on the next day (Saturday) at one o'clock. Besides those parts which were found injured by external examination, I ascertained that each of the four ribs broken was fractured in a second place. A lung on the same side had been lacerated by the broken fragments. The whole of the right lung was gorged with blood. A large quantity of blood had likewise been diffused into the right cavity of the chest. The heart was perfectly healthy, as was also the left lung. All the organs within the body were intact, uninjured, and in themselves healthy. The immediate cause of death was the effusion of blood into the substance of the lung, and also into the right cavity at the side of the chest. That was quite sufficient to cause death. There was no remedy.

By Mr. Clarke: I have no doubt as to the cause.

By Mr. Lamb: The general appearance of the deceased was healthy both internally and externally.

By the Coroner: His general state of health had nothing to do with the cause of death, which resulted from the injuries I have described.

The Coroner said, that pending the proceedings at Egham, it would not be proper or convenient to continue the present inquiry, and he proposed therefore to adjourn until Monday, the 27th inst., when the inquest will be resumed at St. Martin's Vestry-hall at two p.m.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDAL MANIA.—No small sensation has been occasioned in the fashionable watering-place of Cheltenham by the fact that within the past month no less than six persons have committed suicide in the town. The last case is that of a commercial traveller, named James Gardner, who for many years has occupied a confidential position with a well-known firm of Cheltenham brewers—Messrs. Gardiner. The deceased was only thirty-six years of age, and had been latterly suffering from erysipelas. In the afternoon he retired to his bedroom to lie down, and subsequently on some members of his family calling him they found the door locked. Not obtaining any answer to their calls, the door was burst open, when Mr. Gardner was found lying dead in a pool of blood, having cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor, which was found lying by his side. The deceased had evidently placed himself before the looking-glass when he committed the act, as it was bespattered with blood.

KENDALL'S STOMACH AND LIVER PILLS contain dandelion, chamomile, rhubarb, and other vegetable agents only, which remove indigestion, bile, pains in the chest, sick headache, wind, giddiness, acidity, and all stomach and liver disorders. Price is 1d. of any chemist, or by post fourteen stamps. Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London. [Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The mortal remains of the Duke of Malakoff, the Crimean hero, the companion in arms of so many English military men, the eccentric ambassador who used to amuse Court circles in St. James's, were deposited in the chapel of the Hotel of the Invalides. The body had arrived from Algiers by the Lyons Railway up to Paris, and the family and more intimate friends of the marshal followed. The near relatives of the deceased were all in Paris. The Duchess of Malakoff is staying with Marshal Vaillant. The Duke's brother, General Pelissier, M. Valeris, his brother-in-law, M. Constant, Commandant Dupont, and some nephews are the more immediate family circle of the deceased. In addition, most of the marshal's aides-de-camp, as well as numbers of civilians, have come over from Algiers. As might be expected, the Emperor gave orders that the remains of the deceased marshal should receive full military honours. The vast open space before the Invalides was occupied with battalions of the Imperial Guard and artillery, the military arrangements being under the superintendence of Marshal Magnan. The hotel itself was entrusted entirely to the old soldiers, who were on duty all day. At twelve o'clock the guns announced that the ceremony had commenced in the chapel of the Invalides. There were present the members of the family above-named, members of the Imperial household, the ministers of state, some senators, and military—all in uniform. The chapel presented a solemn and picturesque aspect—hung with black; the coffin resting on a dais of black velvet, hung about with silver lamps. Wreaths of laurels circled round the words—"Tekedemli, d'Isly, Laghouat, Sebastopol"—the battle scenes of his eventful career. General Fleury represented the Emperor, together with the Duke de Bassano. There were also present his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde. The ceremony ended by depositing the body in the tomb of the chapel of the Invalides, where are the remains of so many of the illustrious military of France.

"A letter from Paris," says the *Journal de Rouen*, "states that a rumour was current in the financial world of a danger which the Emperor is said to have incurred on the lake at Fontainebleau. The newsmongers have very fruitful imaginations. According to some accounts, his Majesty had for a moment disappeared entirely under water, in consequence of the boat in which he had gone on the lake after dinner having capsized, and according to others, the Emperor was wounded, either by his fall or by the rough eagerness of those who witnessed it, and tried to aid him. All those rumours have risen from an incident without the slightest importance. The Emperor was in a boat which gave a lurch and took in a quantity of water. His Majesty seeing this, jumped on terra firma, without either falling or receiving any hurt."

AMERICA.

The following despatch has been received from General Butler:—"Yesterday all day heavy firing in the direction of Mechanicsville. Six refugees from Richmond report that Grant was on the Mechanicsville turnpike, fourteen miles from Richmond, yesterday, that they heard the firing, and that Grant was driving Lee. A woman reports that a meeting was held yesterday, while she was in Richmond, to see whether the city should be surrendered or burnt. The mayor advocated surrender, and was put into Castle Thunder. The enemy attacked my lines yesterday, and were repulsed. To-day, all day, they have been demonstrating against my work on Springhill, on the easterly side of the Appomattox, but were repulsed."

The special correspondent of the *New York Times*, in a letter written from near the Pamunkey, May 27, gives some details of the commencement of the last flank movement:—

"Last night the army of the Potomac recrossed the North Anna and began another flanking movement, now in progress, and destined to oust the rebels from another stronghold. After effecting the passage of the river on Monday and Friday, of which I gave you the full details in my letter of Wednesday, the army was pushed forward across the Virginia Central Railroad for the purpose of feeling the position and strength of the enemy. The reconnaissance of Wednesday, continued yesterday, determined that Lee was in full force and holding a powerful position in our immediate front, somewhat in advance of Little River. It happened, too, that not only was the nature of the ground very favourable to him, but he had gained a position tactically of the greatest advantage. As you already know, the point at which Hancock crossed the river at the railroad bridge is separated by an interval of about four miles from the point at which the corps of Warren and Wright made the passage at Jericho Ford. The enemy had thrown his centre forward so as to form a line of battle in the shape of the letter V, the apex abutting on the river. Minor reconnaissances developed that the right flank of Lee's army rested on a swamp, his left on Little River, which covered a good portion of his line. This position the rebels have passed every hour since they arrived here in fortifying, and if driven from this they had the elaborately prepared line of the South Anna to fall back upon. In this state of facts the commanding-general determined on a repetition of the same strategy by which he had forced Lee from the lines of Spottsylvania. General Grant has as little idea as you can imagine of butting his head against prepared works; consequently he resolved to repossess the North Anna, swing round to the left over the Pamunkey, and leave Lee to enjoy all the benefit of his prepared line, in which he would be glad to have him stay as long as possible. Accordingly, yesterday afternoon, preparations were made to carry this design into execution. To call off the attention of the enemy, a demonstration was made on our extreme right. The cavalry corps having returned from its great raid, Wilson's division was sent up on the enemy's left, while Wilcox, with Coborn mortars, opened from the north bank, and at dark leading, followed by the other corps, a strong skirmish line meanwhile being left. Hancock, who had the advance in the forward movement, now brings up the rear. It was designed to make the withdrawal secret, and it seems to have been a success, as not even a picket shot was fired during the night, and nothing met the ear in the midnight air save the rumble of the waggons across the bridges and the muffled tread of moving columns. The onward march continues at this hour, and the head of the column will probably soon reach the Pamunkey, crossing the river at Hanover Town, not the Court-house, you will observe. To-day's work will, it is hoped, plant this army on the direct road to Richmond, and fifteen miles from the long-desired spot. But what the military developments of the day may be, and how they will affect the immediate and ultimate upshot of things, it is impossible, and would be vain, for me to attempt to anticipate."

MANY distressing cases have occurred during the past few months of women being found helpless from starvation, whose occupation had been

"Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt."

Earning, perhaps, by fifteen or sixteen hours' hand-labour, not more than three or four pence. The Wheeler and Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine not only enables the worker to earn a good living during moderate hours of labour, but the work done gives greater satisfaction to the wearer, as not being the price of life. All who are interested in the welfare of the seamstress should visit the show-rooms of the company, at 139, Regent-street, where every information relative to the machines can be obtained. [Advertisement.]

HORNIMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and is so to be used. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents. [Advertisement.]

A CONSTITUTIONAL FETE IN COPENHAGEN.

THE correspondent of a daily paper at Copenhagen writes as follows, under date June 6:—

"Copenhagen had yesterday her own Constitution-day, and a very happy town it was made by it, from early morning till two o'clock after midnight. It is no exaggeration to say that no one soul was left in the city. The day seemed to be made to order, the brightest and most joyous that could be had in any climate. I shall waste no ink in the description of the drive to the Deer-park, past the pleasure grounds of Charlotten Lund, the watering-place of Klampenborg, the Hotel Bellevue, and other spots mentioned on a former occasion. I beg to carry the reader at once into the very middle of the park, close to the Royal Slot Pavilion, or hunting-box of the Hermitage, where, in the afternoon, between three and four o'clock, the vast assemblage of citizens, who have been hitherto early people, scattered about, reclining under the trees, and consuming their lunch or dinner, are now coming together from every quarter of the vast forest ground. A throng of about twenty thousand persons are pressing upon each other on tiptoe within a compass of two or three square miles round the palace, creeping under, vaulting over, breaking through the long line of carriages private or public, that were packed together as they are at Epsom, round the Royal Lodge, a building which, notwithstanding the different use to which it is put, bears in its shape no little resemblance to one of the great English race stand. Just about four o'clock a wave-like commotion seemed to stir the surface of that dense multitude; cheers rent the air, a lively strain of martial music rose above the din of voices, and presently a string of modest Court carriages, drawn by a single span of horses each, drove up to the doors of the Lodge. A gentleman and lady in mourning attire alighted from the first carriage, a young lady and a boy six years old from the second, a number of gentlemen from the following ones. The former couple stopped on the threshold, and acknowledged by bows the applause of the shouting masses. They then went in and were lost to view for a few minutes. What occurred within the walls of the pavilion, we, the outsiders, of course, could only guess. A deputation from the corporations of the capital and of the adjoining townships made, we were led to suppose, their salaam to their Sovereign, who, no doubt, answered in 'terse and appropriate language.' In the meanwhile, those of us who had ears and voices joined in the execution of a song—'Til Kongen'—written and composed for the occasion. As the last notes were swelling in the air the central window was thrown open, and the subject of these few lines and his Queen appeared on the balcony. The cheers rose to their highest pitch, the royal couple expressed their thanks by benignant inclinations of their heads. The tumult was then hushed up, and from the midst of the awful silence a clear ringing voice—the King's voice—was heard, each word as distinctly audible to every man as to every one the throbb of his own heart thrilled with breathless emotion. The King's words were few. He gave utterance to his gratitude for the affection so loudly testified by his subjects, and begged them to join him in his 'blessing on Denmark.' The short speech ended with another bow, upon which the royal personages withdrew. Cheers were then given for the Queen, who once more came out and bowed her thanks. A new song struck up 'For Danmark,' but was interrupted by the appearance of a young fair head just peeping out above the stone balustrade of the balcony. There was a shout for Prince Waldemar, whose head instantly ducked under, terrified by its own rashness. The boy was, however, brought back by his fond parents, and made to do obeisance, to the intense delight of the bystanders. There were more songs for 'Constitution,' for 'Army and Navy,' and for 'Norden,' i.e., for the great Scandinavian Fatherland. A rush to the marble stairs leading to the palace then ensued, and from the midst of the thronged multitude the royal party made their way back to their carriages, and were soon out of sight, on their way back to the Castle of Bernstorff, his Majesty's chosen country residence for this summer, a few miles off. There was not one soldier on duty on the ground or at the Palace doors; not one policeman; the people knew how to make room for their beloved monarch, and needed no marshalling, no let or hindrance. The whole scene was simple in the extreme, yet sufficiently impressive. There is something to me unspeakably touching in the sight of that young, modest, affectionate royal couple, who have come to the throne at an epoch of so much trial and peril for the Danish monarchy, and who take as little of the pomp and pageantry of their new station upon themselves as if they sighed for the quiet domestic bliss on which the cares of a tempest-tossed State have so rudely trespassed. The King preserves in the midst of his newly-acquired greatness all the easy grace, the courteous simplicity which belong to a thoroughbred private gentleman. It would be waste of breath to say that the Queen is 'every inch a lady.' There is in both their fine handsome countenances an expression of anxious care, a touch of sadness, conveying very plain hints of the share both of them take in the sorrows and fears by which the country is distracted, and making irresistible appeal to the sympathies of all beholders. The King has made immense strides towards the best grounded popularity a sovereign should aspire to win among his people, a popularity grounded in firm faith in the uprightness of his intentions, and on the acknowledgment of his sterling public and private virtues. There is not an instance of a familiar face among the old acquaintance of the royal pair in private life whose presence is forgotten, or even not expressly solicited; no instance of a stranger with any pretensions to genteel manners who is not welcomed in this unassuming household. English visitors, especially, easily find themselves at home in a Court bound to their own reigning house by such near ties, and where their language is as readily spoken as at Marlborough House."

A SUPERSTITIOUS DREAMER.—About six weeks ago the corpse of a child was brought from Ayr and deposited in the St. Andrew's burying-ground at Kilmarnock, where the remains of its relations are interred. It would appear to be a custom among Roman Catholics to unloose the tapes which bind the limbs previous to burial. The mother of the child having, since the burying of the child, frequently dreamed that the tapes were still "tied," as it is termed, became so uneasy about the matter, that, accompanied by her husband, she called on the sexton on Saturday, and requested a sight of the body. The mould was accordingly turned up, and the coffin unscrewed, when it was found that the mother's dream was a true one. After unloosing the tapes the mother appeared satisfied, and went away. [Ayrshire Express.]

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING.—Respecting the arrangements made for the journey of the Emperor of Russia, it is stated that the Imperial train which conveyed their Majesties from St. Petersburg consisted of twelve saloon and ordinary carriages, all of which were fitted up with the utmost attention to comfort and convenience, and included a kitchen, a billiard-room, sleeping chambers, &c. The great luxury of the Imperial journeys, the terrace-carriage with balconies, which is splendidly ornamented, it was necessary to leave behind, as with it the train would have been too long. The fittings of the greater part of the carriages were of a truly imperial nature; and by his Majesty's wish his own saloon carriage was simply lined with green leather. Communication from one carriage to the other was provided for, and every care was taken to avoid draughts of cold air entering during the night. This carefully arranged train could only travel as far as the German frontier, on account of the difference of the gauge of the rails.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars. [Advertisement.]

DREADFUL MURDER.

FREDERICK CHARLES BRICKWELL, aged 23, and who described himself as an under-waiter at the Lion tavern and public-house, Metropolitan Cattle-market, Islington, was charged with the wilful murder of Jane Geary, aged twenty-two, a housemaid employed at the above public-house.

Mr. Henry Keeble said: I am nephew to the proprietor of the Lion public-house, Metropolitan Cattle-market, and manage the business for him. The prisoner is an under waiter to my uncle. I was in the bar last night about half-past eleven, when I heard screams coming from the top of the house. I rushed up-stairs and met the prisoner on the second flight with a knife in his hand. Before I spoke to the prisoner he said "I have done it." He had the knife produced in his hand, with a pocket-handkerchief twisted round the handle. (The knife was produced. It was about eighteen inches long, and covered with blood.) Afterwards the prisoner said "Master Henry, I have killed her; take the knife." I took the knife, and said "You scoundrel, come down stairs." I took him down stairs, and gave him in charge of a Mr. Syder, while I ran off to see if I could find a police-constable. At that time I had gone no further up-stairs than the place where I had met the prisoner. I could not find a constable, and on my return I saw one at the bar. That is all I know about the matter. I never saw the young woman after she was stabbed. I laid the knife on the table when I went out, and on my return I found it on the bar. It belongs to the larder, and is used in cutting steaks and chops in the kitchen. The prisoner had been in the house for about two years. The prisoner and the deceased appeared to be on good terms. I believe that the prisoner was paying his addresses to her. They did not appear to have been so intimate for the past six or seven months as they were before. I have never seen anything in the conduct of the prisoner that would have led me to suppose that he contemplated anything of this sort. He was a quiet young fellow.

William Gardener said: I am the head waiter at the Lion Tavern. I knew the deceased. About twenty minutes past eleven last night I was outside the bar sweeping it, and I heard one short scream from the top of the house. I did not go up for a moment. When my young master went up I followed, and I met him having hold of the prisoner's hands on the stairs. I rushed past them and got higher up on to the next landing, just as the deceased was falling from the stairs to the third floor landing. I endeavored to get her up, and tried to raise her head from the ground. I did it as well as I could, and then called for assistance. The deceased was bleeding very much from a wound in the breast. I could see the wound. I believe that she was dead when I picked her up. I don't think she breathed. She did not speak or groan. The only sign of life was that she tried to draw her breath, but she could not, and the endeavour caused the blood to flow more freely from the wound.

Mr. George Tate said: I am a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and reside at 65, Camden-road-villas. At twenty-five minutes past eleven last night Mr. Keeble's potman called me to Lion Tavern. I went immediately, and on the second landing I found the deceased Jane Geary, covered with blood. On feeling her pulse and examining her I found that she was quite dead. She was still warm. I was told she had been stabbed, and on examining her I found an incised wound on the upper part of the left breast, between the third and fourth ribs, I cannot say exactly which, with an orifice about an inch and a half or two inches wide. I passed my finger into the wound. I found that the knife had passed through the left lung into the back of the heart. I could feel the heart with my finger. I probed the wound as far as my finger could go. I cannot tell how deep it was. I should say that the knife produced is just such a knife as would have inflicted the injury. I have no doubt that the wound was immediately fatal. The thrust must have been given with considerable force to go between the ribs. The deceased was a very robust person, full in flesh and strong in muscle. She was a fine young woman.

Charles Hill said: I am boots at the Lion Tavern. Last night, about ten minutes past eleven, the prisoner called me. I have to get up at that hour to get the rooms ready for the customers who attend the market in the morning. I got up and dressed, and I saw nothing unusual about him. When I had dressed and was leaving the room I said to the prisoner, "Good night, Fred." Before that he took off his coat, as if to undress, and then sat on the bed and looked into a book. He said, "Oh, I might come down for something and see you again. Perhaps I may want something." I noticed that he did not come down stairs afterwards.

Mr. D'Eyncourt: Are you sure that he did not come down? Be careful; the knife is stated to have been procured from down stairs; he must have had the knife secreted when he went into the bedroom.

Witness: I am sure that the prisoner did not come down until after I heard the screams. I should say it was from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes after I left the room that I heard the screams. When I first saw him after I left the bedroom I saw him with a knife in his hand. He said, "I have done it; I have killed her." He spoke in a frantic manner. I have heard him say that he was very fond of the deceased, and that he would never have any other girl but her. They appeared to be very partial to one another; but not so much of late. His affections seemed of late to grow stronger towards the deceased, but for the last six or seven months she did not appear so fond of him. Their friendship formerly appeared mutual. Last Sunday fortnight I heard him say, when a cousin of the deceased's called, that that was the man who had broken his peace of mind.

Mr. D'Eyncourt, having cautioned the prisoner, asked him if he had anything to say in answer to the charge.

The prisoner, in a firm tone, said I have nothing to say.

Mr. D'Eyncourt committed him to the Central Criminal Court for trial.

GARIBALDI AND THE WORKING MEN OF DUNDEE.—From the Dundee Advertiser we learn that General Garibaldi has returned the following reply to an address from the working men of Dundee, forwarded to him on his departure from this country:—"Capra, May, 1864. I thank from my inmost soul the working men of Dundee for their loving address. All honour to the man who earns his bread honestly by the sweat of his brow; he is to me far more estimable than a king upon his throne, and I extend to all such of every nation, and of every creed, the right hand of fellowship. I, too, have worked manually to support myself, and those who were dear to me, and well know that many a noble heart beats under an humble garment, and that, in spite of poverty, 'a man's a man for a' that.' I was grieved in this my advent to the land of the brave and the free, at being unable to extend my visit to Scotland—the country of Bruce and Wallace. I will, however, hope that this is but a pleasure deferred. I accept as an augury your good wishes for the prosperity and freedom of my beloved country. Once shaken from off her bosom the foreign despots that now impede her progress, may she imitate your glorious nation in industry, probity, and civilization. I once more thank you each and all for your good opinion of me, the which I will endeavour never to forfeit.—Yours, &c., G. GARIBALDI."

Three uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—(Advertisement.)

Mr. JOHN ROUSE, 35, St. James-place, Plumstead, says: "Feb. 6, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years, standing, Hall's Lung Restorer has been of more service than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., &c., by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists.—(Advertisement.)

EXECUTION OF LA POMMERAIS.

THE following Paris letter fully describes the execution:—"The execution of Dr. Conty de la Pommerais took place at six o'clock yesterday morning. Every night since Monday crowds of people thronged the Place de la Roquette, and remained till daybreak. They desired to see the execution with their own eyes, and resolved to sacrifice their rest to their curiosity, particularly as there were rumours that a commutation of the sentence was probable. They again went to the ground as early as nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, and took their station as before. The tide advanced every hour, and soon after the prison clock struck one their attention was roused by the rumbling sound of approaching cars. Any doubts they might have had were at once dissipated, for the cars were laden with the pieces of the instrument of punishment. As the night wore on the multitude grew dense, and before five o'clock there could not have been less than 30,000 people of all classes. La Pommerais, who was not informed that his petition to the Emperor was rejected, but who had evidently lost all hope, seemed much more collected since his sentence than he had been during his trial. His father and wife were allowed to see him on Wednesday. The interview took place in the parlour of the prison; but they were separated by a double grating, through which they were just able to grasp each other's hands. The anguish of the old man and the poor creature who was so soon to be a widow was heart-rending. She clung to the grating as if she would not be torn from it; her husband was more self-possessed. They lingered as long as they could, but at last the moment of parting came. The prisoner went to rest at the usual early hour, and still under the supervision of the prison officials; and he slept soundly the whole night. At half-past five in the morning the governor of the prison entered the cell. La Pommerais started up in his bed, and before he had time to speak the governor told him that all hope was over; that the petition for mercy was not granted; that he must prepare for death, for his last hour was at hand. He evinced no surprise; he only said, 'I am ready.' In a few moments the chaplain of the gaol, the Abbe Croze, entered the cell. The guardians fell back a short distance, but not out of sight. The convict had previously several interviews with the abbe, confessed his sins, and it is said received the sacraments; but what he confessed will remain a secret for ever. When the priest made his appearance, La Pommerais rose to meet him, and threw himself into his arms. He had hitherto been unmoved; but as the reverend gentleman clasped him to his breast, he shed tears. While undergoing the last preparation, in which the hair is cut close at the back of the head, he listened, apparently with attention, to the exhortations of the chaplain, and the prayer for those about to die. When all was ready, he was asked to take some refreshment, but declined. Before he quitted the cell, the head of the Department of Public Security asked him whether he had any disclosures to make, or whether he wished to say anything. 'I have said all I had to say,' was the reply. These were his last words, and from that moment he answered only by a nod of the head to any remark that was made by those about him. The gate of the prison was thrown open at a few minutes to six, and the crowd outside became suddenly silent. La Pommerais, with a pale face, stepped forward, and wearing polished boots, was seen to mount the steps of the scaffold, supported on one side by the Abbe Croze, who held up the crucifix before his eyes, and on the other by one of the gaolers. The cord which bound his feet did not prevent him from moving, and he advanced with a steady step, but with his head bent, towards the fatal instrument. He paused for an instant, once more embraced the priest, gave himself up to the executioner, and was laid on the plank. The cord that held the machine was cut, the ponderous blade rushed down, and exactly as the prison clock gave the last stroke of six, human justice and the inhuman curiosity of the mob was satisfied. In five seconds from the time he mounted the scaffold his head was off. A kind of splash-board of zinc is a part of the apparatus on these occasions to prevent the blood from spouting upwards, but at the moment when the knife was about to fall this plate was found to be out of its place, and one of the executioner's men who stepped forward to arrange it received a shower of blood full in his eyes. He raised his arm and drew it across his face to wipe it. The headless body was placed in a coffin, and the coffin in a carriage. The good priest who stood by his side to the last moment of his life did not quit him in death. He entered the carriage containing the coffin, and still praying over it, accompanied it to the cemetery, and saw it laid in the earth."

THE CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

THE illustration in page 9 represents the recent musical festival of charity children in St. Paul's Cathedral. This most interesting of festivals took place, as usual, under the dome of the Cathedral. The attendance was more enormous than even on previous occasions. The 4,000 children were seated as comfortably as though there had been only 400 to accommodate, and presented to the eye of the looker-on a spectacle as orderly and unconfused as it was incomparably picturesque.

There was full cathedral service with anthems, &c., accompanied not merely by the organ, but, in the full pieces, by brass instruments and drums. Prayers were intoned by the Rev. B. M. Cowie and lessons were read by the Rev. J. V. Povah, minor canons in the cathedral. The choir, composed of singers belonging to St. Paul's, with delegates from St. George's Chapel (Windsor), Temple Church, Westminster Abbey, Chapel Royal (St. James's), &c., was nearly eighty strong; and upon its component members, it may be easily understood, devolved important duties. Mr. H. Buckland was at his ordinary post, on an elevated rostrum within sight of the children, and in direct and well-practised communication with the organist.

"All people that on earth do dwell" was sung by the children, girls and boys, more gloriously than ever. Such a sonorous, massive, living unison might well have astounded the placid, genial Haydn, and brought tears from the eyes of that indefatigable searcher after overwhelming "effects," M. Hector Berlioz—Haydn's very antipodes. It would—to speak with deference—have given poor Meyerbeer an idea for a new Benediction of Swords. In this particular sphere there is nothing like it. The language of music never uttered so much with means so simple. What could more fittingly serve than this to prepare the mind for the earnest act of prayer? The Hundredth Psalm could never be omitted from this festival, nor could a hope be entertained of finding anything more solid, majestic, and, at the same time, devotional, than the work of Thomas Tallis—Elizabeth's composer and organist—for the Preces and Responses—a solid rock of harmony, as has been justly said, against which the waves of time may beat in vain for ever.

ACT OF HEROISM AND HUMANITY.—On the evening of the 6th inst., a young man named Bryson had a narrow escape from drowning at Dover. While engaged in fishing near the pier he lost his balance and fell into deep water. His dangerous position, as he was unable to swim, attracted the notice of several persons, and one of them made an ineffectual attempt at his rescue. The young man was seen to rise to the surface apparently for the last time, when an officer of extensive service in India, China, and other parts of the world, observed his perilous situation. Regardless of his own safety, Colonel Muter, of the 13th Regiment of Infantry, jumped into the sea, and succeeded in bringing the exhausted young man to the shore, where the usual restoratives had the effect of reviving animation. In short, he is now almost well. Colonel Muter has often served against the enemies of his country, and, as may well be supposed, has repeatedly displayed both presence of mind and bravery.

COLONEL M'MURDO ON THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE other day the 1st Suffolk Administrative Battalion of Volunteers, which has been encamped at Great Barton, about three miles from Bury St. Edmund's, was reviewed by Colonel M'Murdo, Inspector-General of Volunteers. The camp equipage, consisting of ninety tents, three large marquees, 1,126 blankets, eighty leather buckets, &c., was supplied from the Government stores at Harwich. The task of pitching the tents was performed by thirty or forty members of the Bury and other corps under the direction of Adjutant Barnardiston. The tents were arranged in two wings, with a broad way up the centre, the private's tents being in front, and those of the officers behind, while the tents and two marquees appropriated to the use of the staff formed a line from flank to flank in rear of the whole. At the review about 400 volunteers were assembled. A variety of movements of the usual character having been executed,

Colonel M'Murdo said he had come down expecting much, and he had not been disappointed. He wished to impress upon the assembled volunteers the necessity of a knowledge of how to pitch and strike tents with rapidity. Sometimes men came very late into an encampment, and had to pitch their own tents in a hurry, and strike them in a hurry too. He had marched with troops in his time, and arrived at some spot at one o'clock in the morning; they had then had to take up their ground, and pitch their tents by regiments and companies in the middle of the night, and right glad were they to do it, and get under them. The Suffolk Volunteers had not yet left their camp, but he hoped before they left, every man would know how to strike and pitch his tent. He had recommended Colonel Anstruther to call together the sergeants and corporals to be instructed in the pitching and striking of their tents, from whom the various companies might afterwards receive the necessary directions. He was much pleased to observe, on riding down the lines, that the arms of the Suffolk Volunteers were generally clean and in good order, he was pleased also with their appearance physically, as men fit to bear arms, and he hoped that when he next reviewed them he should see the effect of the capitation grant upon their uniforms. Another point he wanted to mention was their accoutrements. If a volunteer's pouch did not carry enough food for a battle, he would be of very little use to his country. A number of the pouches in use in Suffolk would, however, make far better cigar cases. (Laughter.) A pouch ought to carry at least sixty rounds of ball cartridge, for a day might come when they would find that the ammunition in their pouches was expended, and then they would begin to look about them, to ask where the devil they were to get any more. They would not like to go to the rear to get it, because that would look like cowardice, and they would only look like fools to stand and get shot at. He had observed the evolutions with much satisfaction. He did not mean to flatter the Suffolk Volunteers, and tell them they were as good as regular soldiers, and that nothing could equal the precision of their movements; but precision of movement was not necessary in war; it was all fudge in battle. Precision of movement was never seen in battle and never would be; but it would be seen on the parade-ground of regular troops; it was all right enough there, because it was the trade of regular troops; but he told them, as volunteers, that great precision of movement in drill was not necessary. It was quite true that a man at his trade wished to make it perfect. An architect would build a palace; but for all purposes of comfort and happiness, there was just as much enjoyment and love in a cottage as in a palace. So with the difference between regular troops and volunteer troops. The regular soldier desired to be perfect in his trade, and he had nothing else to do, morning, noon, and night, but to work at his drill and make himself perfect. The volunteer had not time to do that, but it was not necessary. All which he had seen, however, that day was necessary. To his mind, the volunteer should be a sober-minded, God-fearing man, earnest and determined to help his country at the pitch, to learn as much of military drill as was necessary for absolute warfare, to be obedient to his officers, and to trust to those officers placing him in a position where his qualities as a brave, steady man might make him useful in the day of battle. Precision of movement might be thrown to the winds; all that was required was that the main points should be accurately taken up and that was done by the staff officers of the army. He depended upon the staff officers to keep the line within the prescribed bounds, and so long as troops were in their proper places, he did not care whether they were perfectly well dressed or not. Great rapidity of movement was necessary, and all movements should be so well known that they could be done at the double. Now that volunteers took yearly a large sum from the public purse, they imposed upon themselves a grave responsibility, and he hoped that they would work up to what was expected of them, not only by the country and Government, but also by their sweethearts and wives. (Cheers.)

EXTRAORDINARY FECUNDITY.—Three hen turkeys, belonging to Mr. Corbin, Dean's-court Farm, near Wimborne, lately sat on sixty-two eggs, the result being that sixty-one of the eggs were hatched. The whole of the brood are alive and strong.—*Pole Herald.*

A DIFFICULT ARREST.—A Munich correspondent writes:—"A rather remarkable event has lately happened in the Tyrol, and as I have not seen it mentioned in the English papers, I add it to this letter. About the end of last month a man was sentenced to death, to pay the costs of the trial and all damages demanded, for assassinating one gendarme, trying to assassinate another, killing two men, resorting to violence against the guard in the execution of their duty, and wounding another man. The accumulation of charges and sentences may seem strange, but the manner in which all these crimes were committed is worthy of narration. The culprit, a man named Gasser, had threatened to kill his wife; she heard of it, and took refuge in a neighbour's house, whereupon Gasser shot the neighbour's dog. The neighbour complained to the police, and two gendarmes were sent to arrest Gasser. But when they got to his door he fired upon them, one fell dead on the spot, and the other was severely wounded. On this, gendarmes and guards from another place were called up; Gasser had barricaded himself in his house, had three guns, and fired on every one who came near. The corpse of the dead gendarme was still before the door, and a relation of Gasser's trying to take it away was shot dead. The excitement was now intense. Some of the besiegers posted themselves in the house opposite, fired away at Gasser's house, and received his fire in return, losing one dead and having another wounded. In the course of the day a hundred shots were fired against Gasser's house, and at night he was still in possession. The weather was bitterly cold, all his windows were broken, and during the night he took refuge in the cowhouse. Next morning two cannon were brought up, and some ten cannon-shots fired on the house. At last, as all seemed quiet, a body of men stormed the house, and found Gasser lying exhausted, or rather crouching down, on the floor. He had opened the veins at his wrists and lost some blood; but the state of the house, with the windows broken, stains of blood on the floor, baffled all description. The account of the man himself is that he was between thirty and forty, married a second time, father of two children, passionate drinker of brandy, a bad character, often brought up before a justice for brawling, a passionate sportsman, who shot birds on the wing. The scene is at Lauterbach, between Bregenz and Feldkirch.

A CAPITAL WRITING CLARK for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Bottles, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORRO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

MDLLE. TITIENS.

THIS accomplished lady, now performing at Her Majesty's Theatre, is of Hungarian parentage, and was born at Hamburg in 1834. At an early age she gave promise of extraordinary vocal powers, and, as she advanced in years, her early indications of magnificent musical capacity were amply confirmed.

After careful tuition, Mdlla. Teresa Titiens, or Tietjens, made her first appearance at the age of fifteen. This was at Hamburg in the role of Lucrezia Borgia, in Bellini's opera of that name. The attempt, for so young a girl, was daring and hazardous; but the unmistakable success which crowned her debut showed that the venture was fully justified by the competency of the charming and courageous cantatrice. From Hamburg she proceeded to Frankfurt, and thence to Vienna, where the verdict of her native place was more than confirmed, and where her popularity had reached almost the highest point. But, though her reputation as one of the very first vocalists of the age was securely established on the Continent of Europe, it was not until the April of 1858 that she made her first appearance in London. The Royal Italian Opera House, Haymarket, then under the management of Mr. Lumley, had the distinction of witnessing her first attempt to charm a British audience, as Valentine, in the "Huguenots," and her success was as great as her warmest friends could desire. Every successive performance strengthened the favourable impression made by her first attempt, and, before the three months of her earliest London residence had expired, she was acknowledged by all the judges of musical proficiency to be entitled to a place among the foremost performers on the lyric stage. Under the subsequent management of Mr. E. T. Smith, Mdlla. Titiens was universally admitted to have attained an even higher excellence than she achieved under Mr. Lumley. Like most German singers (for, though of Hungarian origin, Mdlla. Titiens, on account of her education, must be pronounced German), she pays little regard to embellishment. In the music of the parts allotted to her she sings what the composer has set down, and no more; but what she does sing is accomplished to perfection. For this reticence, which is an act of great self-denial—there being powerful inducements to the adoption of a contrary course—Mdlla. Titiens is entitled to high commendation, inasmuch as modern vocalists are too much in the habit of regarding composers and their intentions as of altogether subordinate importance to performers and their conceits.

In some of her parts—that of Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," for instance—Mdlla. Titiens acts with unsurpassable energy and feeling; and her singing is characterized by astonishing brilliancy. Probably, one of Mdlla. Titiens' most favourite parts is that of Donna Anna, in "Don Giovanni." Her Lucrezia Borgia—her first essay—is an eminently noble performance. In the despair of Lucrezia she is particularly impressive. Indeed, in all her characters she well sustains her reputation as the most distinguished operatic performer, in her own particular line, since Mdlla. Sophie Cruvell. And, indeed, it is not too much to aver that, in lyric tragedy, Giulietta Grisi has found a worthy successor in Teresa Titiens.

The voice of this exquisite singer is a soprano of exquisite quality, stupendous volume; and those who have seen her in her most recent performances at Her Majesty's, must admit that, if possible, she is even greater than when she appeared on a former occasion. To enumerate the whole of her characters, and the bril-

liant manner in which she personates them, our readers have had an opportunity of gleaming from our theatrical news, which has given her the highest meed of praise nearly every week during her present engagement.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

EIGHT HOURS AT BRIGHTON.

THE large placards of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, announcing "Eight hours at Brighton for three shillings," are again staring us in the face at every corner and bill-posting hoarding in the metropolis. What a contrast to the "good old coaching times!" The great public believed Brighton a veritable Paradise. They had heard of the wondrous Chinese palace of George the Fourth; of the *petite maison* of Lady Fitzherbert; of the grand old Duchess of St Albans, walking along the King's-road, covered with diamonds, and her black velvet train held up by two pages; of the royal hawks and falcons of the Duke of St. Albans, perched out in

Regency-square; of the vast assemblages of England's greatest nobility, with George the Fourth at their head, promenading the Steyne, listening to the strains of the 10th Lancars, the Scot's Greys, or some other crack regiment. The people had heard of Fauntleroy's Villa; of Martha Gunn, the bather; the chalybeate-springs, the chain pier, the libraries, and numerous other wonderful attractions; but coaching was the only way to reach Brighton, and this was far beyond the means of the working classes, who now enjoy their Sunday or Monday out. They could only gaze and hopelessly sigh, as they saw "The Times," "The Age," "The Magnet," "The Sovereign," "The Criterion," and "The Quicksilver," with their four sparkling tit-bits of blood, every one of them, starting from the Bull and Mouth, the Elephant and Castle, and other famous coaching houses, a real live duke handling the ribbons, and not above taking the half-crown tip at the end of the journey, with as much of a right as a waiter at a cook-shop expects to receive the customary penny for serving you.

Things are wonderfully changed now. Brighton has lost its fashionable prestige of yore, although it is still, in the season, greatly patronised by the nobility. Adelaide-crescent, Brunswick-square, Kemp-town, the Marine-parade, and the King's-road, boast of mansions of far more general imposing beauty than any square in London. But "Brighton and back for three shillings" takes quite a different kind of excursionist now-a-days. The tradesmen and their families—the artisans and their wives and sweethearts—can afford the three shillings for eight hours' blow by the sea-side, and thoroughly do they enjoy it.

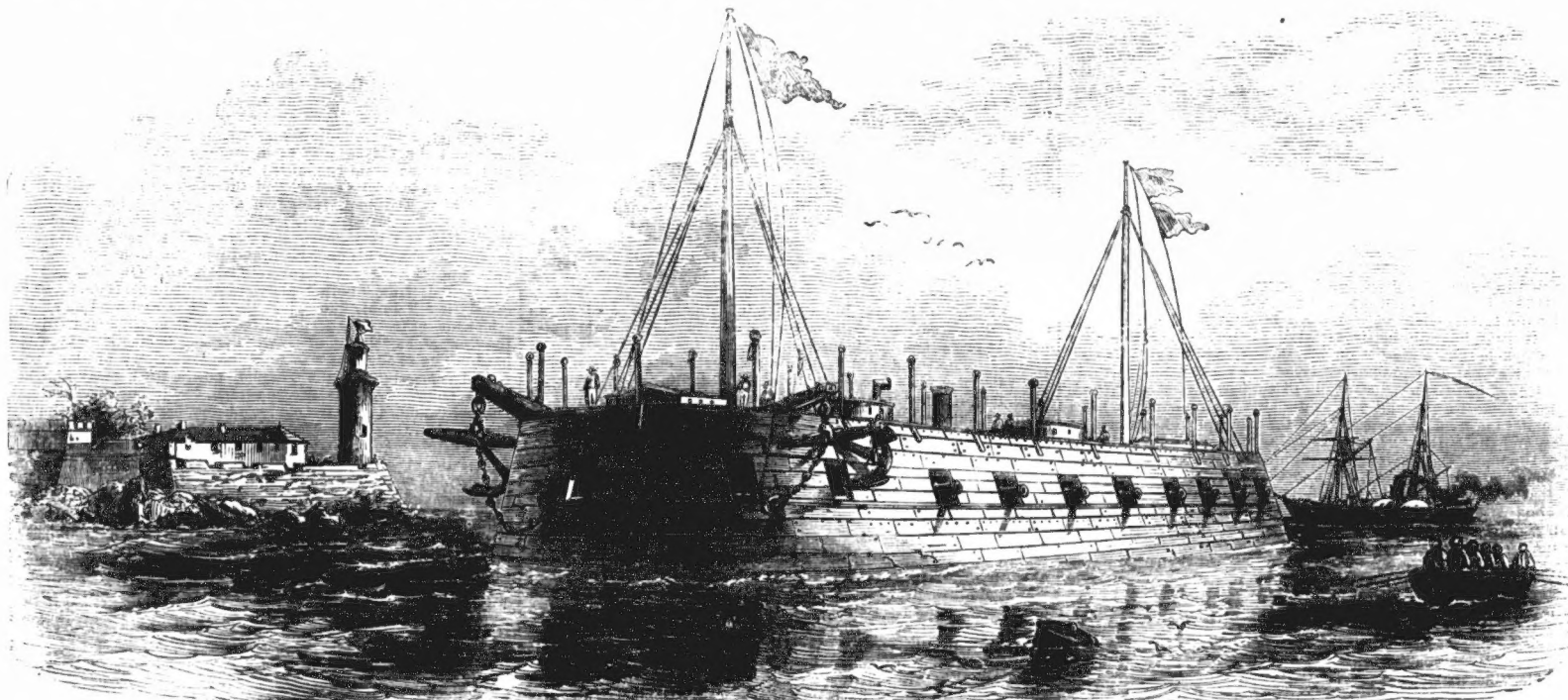
The sea-beach, as shown in our illustration on page 5, will be found thronged with delighted parties, taking their "cold snack" on the groins and shingle bank, watching the waves rolling on towards them, even to their very feet. The boatmen are busy touting them: "Out on the water, sir; nice breeze; off for a sail; the last boat—just going for an hour—only want two to make up the party;" and this two is generally a dozen. There is plenty of shouting and laughing as the brawny fishermen, throwing aside their nets for the day, are now busy catching London fish for their boats—banding them up the side, or carrying the female portion on their backs to the boat-side.

There are the bathing machines, all duly patronised; the bathing water; boats going out with their merry and laughing freights—coming in with the same party looking particularly pale, as though the hour's "voyage" had not agreed with them. But there, we need not enumerate all the sights to be seen on Brighton beach on a Sunday or Monday excursion-day. Every minute brings something fresh besides the sea breezes; and if there are any of our London readers who have not yet availed themselves of the attractive "eight hours at the sea-side," we advise them to lose no time in taking a trip to Brighton.

A CENTENARIAN VAGRANT IN COURT—David McKay, a centenarian, and more than a centenarian—being in his 103rd year—was brought before Baillie Adamson, in the Police-court, on Thursday, as a vagrant. The baillie, on account of his great age, did not impose any punishment, but advised him to go to his home at Inverness, and it is said he has done so.—*Aberdeen Journal*.



MDLLE. TITIENS.



AUSTRIAN IRON-CLAD BATTERY.—PREPARATION FOR THE WAR. (See page 14.)



SUMMER EXCURSIONS.—THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON. (See page 4.)

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. E.	
				A. M. P. M.	
18	Battle of Waterloo, 1815	0 20	0 40
19	Fourth Sunday after Trinity	1 9	1 34
20	Accession of Queen Victoria	1 56	2 17
21	Longest day. Summer quarter begins	2 41	3 4
22	Great Fire at London-bridge, 1861	3 28	3 50
23	Lord Campbell died, 1861	4 12	4 35
24	Midsummer Day	4 57	5 28

Moon's changes.—Full Moon, 19th, 5h. 54m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. 1 Samuel 12; St. Luke 3. **AFTERNOON.** 1 Samuel 13; Gal. 3.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE difference in the French and English ways of treating criminals
is not limited to the trials in court, but extends to the cell and the
scaffold. It would shock us to know that the vilest murderer
went to bed with hopes of mercy, and was awakened out of a sound
sleep by a turnkey, told his fate, and executed within half-an-hour.
Yet this was exactly the experience of the wretched La Pommerais,
who suffered for his crime in Paris. The man had been found
guilty of a foul murder, and not a single reason could be assigned
why, in a country where capital punishment is inflicted, his life
should be spared. Still he had some faint hopes of mercy. He
had friends who might presume somewhat on their influence, and
who actually put it to the test. We refrain from speaking of the
high connexions he had been able to form, and of a consultation to
which he had found admission in the case of a person of distinction.
Up to the Wednesday night he clung to the hope that the
efforts made on his behalf might be successful. "At half-past
five," a correspondent writes, "the clerk of the Imperial Court en-
tered his cell, and found him in bed and sound asleep. He woke
him up, told him that his petition to the Emperor for a pardon had
been rejected, and that he had now nothing to hope but from the
mercy of God, and must prepare to die at once." This is,
indeed, to make death terrible. It is this suddenness which
in the eyes of most Englishmen will be thought to have
constituted an intense and extra-legal aggravation of the
punishment of La Pommerais. This, however, may be dis-
puted from some points of view. To some minds there is almost
cold-blooded cruelty in the opposite practice of Americans, who
keep a criminal twelve and eighteen months in gaol under sentence
of death, and then bring him out for execution. We suspect it will
be found that the treatment of La Pommerais shocks us most owing
to the operation of religious feelings, while the American system
offends more against the feelings of nature. In the British army
a "short shrift" is considered as adding to the horror of an execu-
tion, because our soldiers believe in God and immortality. A
Chinese soldier, in similar circumstances, would probably not care
to ask for delay. In the Litany we pray to be delivered from
sudden death, as conscious of imperfections needing a dying prayer.
A late eminent judge, looking at the subject from the purely nat-
ural point of view, was accustomed to say that he thought this sup-
plication founded in error. The practice of our own country in
dealing with condemned criminals, acknowledges the consideration
due to religion, and allows a brief period for reflection before the
criminal is driven out of the world to enter upon an unknown
state; but it does not keep him in prison as in Rome until men have
forgotten him and his crime, and his execution has the appearance
of being a measure of gaol delivery rather than a satisfaction ren-
dered to justice.

A RAILWAY accident on a festive occasion has just sufficed to spread
mourning and alarm over a considerable surface of society. So
dearly do we value human life in this country that five violent
deaths constitute a shocking and memorable event, while the im-
pressiveness is increased, in the example before us, by the sudden-
ness of the catastrophe and the intrusion of the terrible fact into a
scene of mirth and enjoyment. It was very near our doors, too.
The slain lay at Egham, just twenty miles from town; the wounded
were brought to this very city for treatment. All this does explain
in some degree the sensation excited; but after the reader has
reflected on the event for a minute or two, let him employ it, if he
can, in realizing to himself the spectacles and narratives which are
daily presented to people of our own blood and language on the
other side of the Atlantic. And, first, let us observe that all that
horrible carnage, the story of which is periodically condensed into
brief telegrams for our early information, is actually occurring in
close proximity to the two American capitals. The position of
General Lee, with the great Confederate army, is as close to Rich-
mond as Egham is to London. All the slaughter which we

shall presently detail was perpetrated between Washington and
Richmond, cities as near each other as London and Bath.
There is hardly a "regular" battalion in the whole of the enormous
hosts which are contending with such unparalleled ferocity and
resolution. The "veterans" who are occasionally spoken of cannot
by possibility be soldiers of more than three years' standing. Our
own volunteers are older troops than the oldest troops under Grant
or Lee. There is not a regiment in either camp which was raised
before the spring of 1861; for the numbers of the small regular
army almost vanished in the mass, and it has never been found
practicable to give it any material increase of strength. The whole
of this dreadful fighting has been done by volunteers, and by
volunteers without as much training as our own riflemen. Yet
these raw companies, without professional spirit or regimental
traditions, with captains snatched from the counter or the store,
and with generals who were attorneys a few months ago, are
fighting with as much heroism and obstinacy as Napoleon's Old
Guard or Germany's bravest warriors. There may be little science
in the business, but of all that makes soldiers there is as much as
in any war of which we read. To add to the wonder of the story,
we are assured that the Americans themselves look upon all this
with less sensation than we do. The successive reports almost
bewilder us with their tremendous details, but New York regards
the returns without consternation, and even with a species of pride.
We could not levy or lose one-tenth part of these numbers without
the deepest concern, but no such effect seems to be produced in
America. The other day one of the New York journals especially
devoted to economical statistics computed as follows the calls for
the army up to last February:—

April 16, 1861	75,000
May 4, 1861	64,748
July to December, 1861	500,000
July 1, 1862	300,000
August 4, 1862	300,000
Summer of 1863	300,000
February 1, 1864	500,000

Total ... 2,039,748

These numbers considerably exceed the whole male population of
Scotland, and yet calls for 1864 are not yet over. How are these
men found, and how is the waste sustained? The population of
the Federal States could not have included at the beginning of
the war more than some 5,000,000 men of fighting age. By this
time nearly half these men must have been called for, while a
drain of at least equal severity must have been going on in the
South. It is really hard to imagine any effectual standard of
measurement for such proceedings as these. They exceed our
powers of realization altogether; but let us accept that very fact
with thankfulness.

DEATH-BED OF MAJOR-GENERAL J. STUART.

THE following notice of the last hours of the gallant and distin-
guished Confederate soldier, Major-General Job Stuart, is from the
Richmond Examiner:—

"No incident of mortality since the fall of the great Jackson has
occasioned more painful regret than this. Major-General J. E. B.
Stuart, the model of Virginian cavaliers and dashing chieftains,
whose name was a terror to the enemy, and familiar as a household
word in two continents, is dead, struck down by a bullet from the
foe, and the whole Confederacy mourns him. He breathed out his
gallant spirit resignedly, and in the full possession of all his remark-
able faculties of mind and body, at twenty-two minutes to eight
o'clock, Thursday night, at the residence of Dr. Brewer, a relative,
in Green-street, in the presence of Drs. Brewer, Garnett, Gibson,
and Fontaine, of the general's staff, Rev. Messrs. Peterkin and
Kepler, and a circle of sorrow-stricken comrades and friends.
We learn from the physicians in attendance upon the
general that his condition during the day was very
changeable, with occasional delirium, and other unmistakable
symptoms of speedy dissolution. In the passing moments of delirium
the gallant general reviewed in broken sentences all his
glorious campaigns around McClellan's rear on the peninsula,
beyond the Potomac, and upon the Rapidan, quoting from his
orders, and issuing new ones to his couriers with a last injunction
to 'make haste.' About noon, Thursday, President Davis visited
his bedside, and spent some fifteen minutes in the dying chamber of
his favourite chieftain. The President, taking his hand, said,
'General, how do you feel?' He replied, 'Easy, but willing to die,
if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done
my duty.' As evening approached, the delirium increased, and his
mind again wandered to the battle-fields over which he had fought,
then to wife and children, and again to the front. A telegraphic
message had been sent for his wife, who was in the country, with
the injunction to make all haste, as the general was dangerously
wounded. As evening wore on the paroxysms of pain increased,
and mortification set in rapidly. Though suffering the
greatest agony at times, the general was calm, and applied to the
wound, with his own hand, the ice intended to relieve the pain.
During the evening he asked Dr. Brewer how long he thought he
could live, and whether it was possible for him to survive through
the night. The doctor, knowing that he did not desire to be buoyed
by false hopes, told him frankly that death, the last enemy, was
rapidly approaching. The general nodded, and said, 'I am resigned
if it be God's will; but I would like to live to see my wife. But
God's will be done.' Several times he roused up and asked if she
had come. To the doctor, who sat, holding his wrist, and counting
the feeble, weakening pulse, he remarked, 'Doctor, I suppose I
am going fast now. It will soon be over. But God's will be done.
I hope I have fulfilled my destiny to my country and my duty to
my God.' At half-past seven o'clock it was evident to the physi-
cians that death was setting its clammy seal upon the brave,
open brow of the general, and they told him so—asking if he had
any last message to give. The general, with a mind perfectly clear
and possessed, then made disposition of his staff and personal
effects. To Mrs. General R. E. Lee he directed that the golden
spurs be given as a dying memento of his love and esteem for her
husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular
was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he emphatically
exhibited the ruling passion strong in death. To one of his staff,
who was a heavy-built man, he said, 'You had better take the
larger horse; he will carry you better.' Other mementoes he
disposed of in a similar manner. To his young son he left his
glorious sword. His worldly matters closed, the eternal interests
of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to the Rev. Mr. Peterkin,
of the Episcopal church, and of which he was an exemplary member,
he asked him to sing the hymn commencing

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

he joining in with all the voice his strength would permit. He
then joined in prayer with the ministers. To the doctor he again
said, 'I am going fast now. I am resigned. God's will be done.'
He died General J. E. B. Stuart."

General News.

The Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Selson are not expected home from the Mediterranean till about the second week in the ensuing month. After landing General Garibaldi at Capri, the duke and Lord Selson made a short visit to the Duke San Arpino, at Naples, and then proceeded on a cruise in the yacht, intending to visit Athens and Corfu.

At an inquisition *de lunatico*, held at Dublin, an unfortunate man named Price, entitled to landed property in the county Down worth £6,300 a year, was pronounced a lunatic. It was proved that he was imbecile from infancy, had no idea of the value of money, and had set both canon and civil law at defiance by seriously making a matrimonial proposal to his aunt. The petition was presented by his father.

The Duke of Cambridge sent a letter inviting Mr. C. T. Tower, a country gentleman in Essex, and reputed to be the oldest volunteer in England, to take a seat by his side at the recent Hyde-park review. Mr. Tower, was obliged, however, reluctantly to decline the honour, his health not enabling him to bear the excitement and fatigue. He took part in a review sixty years since, at which George III reviewed the assembled troops.

An Englishman named Thomas Fox was tried in Paris for picking the pocket of a gentleman named Drex (aged eighty-four), at the door of the Bank of France. M. Drex had been to change a 1,000fr. (£40) note, but he did not lose any of his money. The pocket attacked contained only papers of little or no value. Those were passed at once to an accomplice, who made off with them. Fox's defence was that he lodged at the Hotel Maurice, and had upwards of £30 in his pocket; but the court did not think these evidences of respectability sufficient to outweigh the positive testimony of two witnesses. The prisoner was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and five years' surveillance of the police.

An address from the people of Palermo, thanking the English nation for the reception given to General Garibaldi, has been sent to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

The municipal authorities of Southampton have ordered all dogs to be muzzled, in consequence of hydrophobia having made its appearance in that town.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Record*:—"Is not the present constitution of the Court of Queen's Bench rather peculiar? Of the four puisne judges, I believe not one belongs to the Established Church. Mr. Justice Oromption is well known as belonging to the Unitarian denomination. Mr. Justice Blackburn was born and bred, and I believe still remains a Scotch Presbyterian. Mr. Justice Mellor is, in like manner, associated with the English Congregational Dissenters. Mr. Justice Stree is an avowed Roman Catholic; so that on Sir Alexander Cockburn alone, himself a Scotch baronet, devolves the duty of representing, as one out of five judges, the interests and reputation of the Church of England. This anomaly struck me forcibly the other day, when the argument was held on the respective rights of new and old parochial incumbents, in the case of *Sale v. Liversay*. It seemed rather strange to hear judges inquiring what was the meaning of the 'Peel parish.'"

The Ancient Order of Foresters have forwarded to the National Lifeboat Institution £225, to be appropriated to the purchase of a lifeboat to be called "The Forester." It is proposed to station the boat at New Quay, on the Cardigan-shire coast.

The Mayor of Southampton (Mr. G. S. Brinton) has received a letter from the illustrious Italian patriot, of which the following is a copy:—"Capri, June 1, 1864. My dear Sir,—I will never forget the time I stayed at your house, where I was received so kindly by your family, and also your amiable company on my entry in the great metropolis. Please salute the people of Southampton—precursor of my fortunate visit to free England—for me, and thank them for the way in which they received me. Believe me, I will always feel for you and for your family the deepest gratitude and affection. Yours truly, G. GARIBOLDI."

A recent letter from Indianapolis, America, says:—"The ladies of Indianapolis have energetically entered upon the work of recruiting. Seven hundred of them, under their own names, in the public prints, volunteer to take the places in business of as many men who will go to the war. This is more than the city's quota under the last call."

A MONARCH open-air meeting of colliers was held on Monday, on a hill, called the Wren's Nest, in the Dudley district. The number present was computed at about 7,000, and it is the largest meeting of its kind that has ever been held in South Staffordshire. A procession of about 3,000 persons marched from Dudley to the place of meeting, accompanied by ten bands. Mr. W. H. Miller, of Dudley, presided, and there were delegates present who represented Scotland and the northern counties. Numerous speeches were delivered, and a resolution, approving the objects of the Miners' National Association, and pledging the meeting to support its operations and contribute towards its funds, was adopted.

The Duke of Sutherland is on his way home from his yachting excursion. He called at Capri on his return voyage, and saw Garibaldi. The general is in good health and the best of spirits, leading his old simple life, and full of grateful recollections of the kindness of his reception from all ranks and classes of the community.

MR. EDWARD BEVAN, of the North Wales and Chester Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Chester, vice Mr. W. N. Welby, who retires from ill-health.

MR. JAMES EDWARD DAVIS, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed stipendiary magistrate of Stoke-upon-Trent, vice Mr. T. B. Rose, who has resigned.

LAST week the marriage of two ancient and experienced individuals was celebrated in Glasgow, with the usual gaiety attendant upon such occasions. The united ages of the couple is somewhere about 150 years, and the united experience is some seven marriages—the one having now had the happy felicity of four, and the other three honeymoons, and on both sides the family experience is not wanting.

A ROMAN Catholic priest in Michelstown eloped last week with a young woman from that town. The Romanists are very much annoyed at this demonstration of impropriety.—*Cork Constitution*.

DEATH OF LORD ADOLPHUS F. O. W. VANE-TEMPEST.—The death of Lord Adolphus Vane-Tempest, M.P. for the Northern Division of the county of Durham, occurred on Sunday. He was only ill a few days, and the members of his family were unprepared for the event. Lord Adolphus was the second son of the late Marquis of Londonderry, by his second wife, Frances Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir H. Vane-Tempest. He was born on the 2nd of July, 1825, was educated at Eton, and entered the 3rd Regiment of Guards in 1843. His lordship served with his regiment in the Crimea, but shortly after his return to England retired from the army. Having been present at the siege before Sebastopol, he received the medal and clasp for his services. The late lord in June, 1852, was returned a member for the city of Durham to the House of Commons, having unsuccessfully contested the seat at the general election, but was unseated on petition as being not duly elected. He was returned, however, in the December following, 1851, in the place of his brother, Lord Seaham, who had succeeded on the death of his father to the earldom of Vane. His lordship has uninterruptedly represented the county in parliament since. The deceased lord married in 1860 Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, only daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, by whom he leaves an infant daughter. By the death a vacancy of course occurs in the northern division of the county of Durham.

GRAND REVIEW AT CHATHAM.

THE illustration in page 8 represents the grand review at Chatham. The Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur, Prince Louis of Hesse, and the Duke of Cambridge visited Chatham on Saturday, when they were entertained with a naval and military review; and this display of both arms, "embracing," as the Shakespeareans would say, "a river attack and various siege operations," was witnessed also by several persons of distinction accompanying their royal highnesses. The dust was everywhere, in everything, and over everybody. Nor were those royal and distinguished spectators on the bastions overlooking St. Mary's Creek elevated quite above the pulverous clouds that were shuffled and kicked up by shoe-leather, and by the iron hoofs of the lancers' troop horses. Teeth were gritty, eyes were irritable, and hair was powdered even on the green heights, from one of which fluttered the bright folds of the royal standard. The Prince of Wales, on that bastion, was distinguishable from his brother, Prince Alfred (who wore a naval uniform) by his attire, which was the undress of a general officer. Prince Arthur was in Highland costume, and Prince Louis of Hesse wore a dark-blue uniform and helmet, as an officer in the Prussian service. These several personages in the royal group were, together with the portly figure of the commander-in-chief, picked out by telescopes and field-glasses from afar, and were scrutinized closely by the knots of people, who, having obtained tickets of admission to certain situations, indicated by signals of different colours, found those tickets available.

As there never was a hill yet mentioned in any book of fact or fiction from the summit of which hill the view that, at one time or another, "greeted the eye of the traveller," was not the grandest that could be conceived, we shall be quite parliamentary in saying that the scene from the principal bastion was very grand indeed. The whole of the fortifications protecting the town of Chatham, as well as the arsenals and dockyards, lay beneath, like an embossed and coloured map. In all but the killing and maiming, the groans and the bloodshed of battle, this was a veritable action on a small scale, which was fought in the parallels and on the water of the creek. It differed widely in character from the marchings and counter-marchings on ordinary field-days, whether of regular troops or of volunteers; and, apart from the history of the operations, or rather mingling with and entering into that interest with an additional picturesqueness of its own, the natural scene was one to be remembered. There was the shining Medway, rippled by a pleasant breeze; there was the big, looming hull of the iron Achilles, with, let us hope, no vulnerable point for an enemy's dart to enter; there were the ignoble forms of the convict ships, skulking as it seemed at a prudent distance from the son of Pelus; there were the heavy ramparts and earthworks of the extended Chatham lines, with their grassy slopes and dark embraures; there were noble trees in their full summer glory; there was a bright blue sky, with piled-up masses of silver cloud, definitely outlined by the effect of an agreeable distance; and there was the ruin of Rochester Castle, with the sunlight streaming through its empty casements and loopholes. Within an area of comparatively small measurement, though still including some miles of trench and zigzag, with a formidable crowd of batteries, rifle-pits, mines, counter-mines, and lodgments, all representing a long course of practical instruction, the useful work of that instruction culminated in Saturday's siege operations.

The means of defence possessed by the besieged consisted of a strongly-built stockade, a boom thrown across the creek, torpedoes sunk in the channel below the boom (to destroy any boats attempting to turn the left flanks of the lines), batteries at the redan and bastions, mortars along the whole interior line of the works, rifle-pits at the points most likely to be assaulted, and riflemen lining the parapets as thickly as they could be posted with a view to service. The first movement of the besiegers was an attempt to remove the boom—an attempt in which they were successful. Under the supposed cover of night, we presume, an officer and boat's crew advanced cautiously, and attached a bag of powder to the obstruction; having accomplished which act, they lit the fuse and pulled quickly off. In as little time as it took them to get fairly out of harm's way, a pillar of water shot up, carrying with it the scattered timbers of the obstruction. This seemed to be the signal for general firing along the whole line of defences. Batteries, hitherto quiet and harmless, broke forth suddenly into fierce anger, and shook with the roar of heavy guns. At the same time the Wellesley and the gunboats at the mouth of the creek joined in the attack, with heavier guns than any in the works of the besieged. Those guns on board the guard-ship are said to have been worked principally by boys, and if such were really the case, it is well to know that there are lads in the British navy capable of maintaining so rapid and regular a fire. It was not alone the roar of heavy guns that echoed over the banks of the Medway. From behind earth mounds, from rifle-pits, from solid parapets, from dyke, and fosse, and breastwork, and ravelin, the cracking musketry kept up an incessant fire, which was answered by the assailants from their batteries and the works they had erected. After this *feu d'enfer* had been sustained for some time, a subterranean rumble was heard in front of the left demibastion, indicating that a mine under the trench cavalier had been sprung. The fact was that the engineers, in their anxiety to avoid endangering the lives of the spectators, who crowded the roofs of the casemates, had diminished their charges of powder too considerably to produce a spectacle. Another mine under the head of the lodgment was exploded, with no greater effect than that which attended the firing of the first. The artillery and the rifles had not been idle all this time. The attacking force, which consisted of the Marine and Volunteer Artillery, in blue uniforms, and the defenders, who were Royal Marines, easily distinguishable by their scarlet coats, kept up a fire about equally galling. The mines of the besiegers having been fired, the detachments of Sappers and Miners fell back to the rear of the storming party, and the gunboats, or rather armed launches, were pushed forward in stately order, the quick fire from their bow guns showing what sort of service they would render if called upon to cover a hostile landing. Scarcely, however, had these craft got into motion, when another engine of modern warfare was brought into play. The torpedoes sunk in St. Mary's Creek had been prepared to meet such a contingency as that which was now about to occur. Being merely to show how such appliances would be used for the harbour defence, the charge of powder was comparatively trifling, but quite enough to demonstrate that by such means the largest ship of war afloat could in an instant be utterly disabled for offence, if not entirely destroyed. These torpedoes can be made to explode by percussion, on being touched by a vessel floating over them, by a submarine time-fuse, or, as the case on Saturday in all the explosions, by a current of electricity sent along an insulated wire, communicating with the charge. For obvious reasons, the flotilla was still at a safe distance when the first torpedo was exploded; and well it was so, for though but 100lbs. of powder were used, the huge column of water that was projected high into the air would have shattered the stoutest of them into match-wood. When the last of the torpedoes had been exploded, the gunboats, filled with Marines, moved forward to effect a landing on the beach. A galling fire was directed towards them while landing from the troops in the horn-work. The fire was, however, briskly returned, and, in spite of all the efforts of the defenders, the attacking party gained a footing, and were soon seen to be assembling in considerable force. Shortly after the landing had been effected, the mines in the scarp and counterscarp were exploded, the quantity of powder in each charge being 200 pounds. Two parties of Sappers and Miners were next sent forward to prepare the breaches which had been made, for the advance of the assaulting columns. For a moment or two both parties ceased

firing, the defenders, anxious about the desperate assault which they knew was now about to be delivered, preparing for a determined resistance, and the attack being meanwhile engaged in making the final dispositions for the advance. The heads of the foremost men of the assaulting columns were seen above the parapet, while the defenders were keeping up a heavy fire upon them. The number of those who had reached the parapet from the ditch rapidly increased, and assailants and defenders kept up a rapid fire upon each other. Up scarp and counter-scarp there still scrambled other supports of the leading party, until the exterior slope of the parapet was fully occupied, and the defenders, overpowered by numbers, made a hasty retreat from the position which they had hitherto so gallantly occupied. With wonderful rapidity a bridge was thrown across the ditch, and over this there swarmed the left and centre companies of the attack, and some light guns were dragged across by the Artillery. The men hauled a gun to the top of the parapet, lowered it down the exterior slope, and quickly brought it to play upon the retreating but still-contesting defenders. On the left, meanwhile, there was heavy firing going on in the parallels. As the men advanced they were met by steady firing from the rifle-pits, men behind the earth-works, from the batteries on the extreme left, and from the heights commanding the disputed ground. As the men scattered and ran from one position to the other, now it was the turn of the dark blue defenders to retire, and now of the scarlet assailants to fall back, and as they did so the appearance of the scene was as animated as it was picturesque. Position after position was gallantly contested by the besieged, and finally gained by the besiegers. Indeed, after the landing had been effected, and the parapet had been reached, further resistance seemed to be hopeless. An advance in force was made against the entrenchments at the Cumberland Bastion, the reserves were brought forward in support, and so, at last, the besieged town was entered by the victorious assailants.

When the assisting columns were fairly on their way to Cumberland Bastion, the royal party left their elevated stand-point, and walked down to the breach, examining with no little interest the exceedingly successful result of the explosion. Sir John Burgoyne gave some explanations to the Prince of Wales of the mode in which the mining operations were conducted, and the charge lodged; while Prince Arthur demonstrated its practicability by walking half-way across. To the gallant engineers no higher testimony could be given than the congratulations of so eminent an authority as Sir John Burgoyne, and no higher praise than the emphatic declaration of the Duke of Cambridge, that it was a "capital breach." The horses of the royal party being brought up, they mounted and rode to the arch erected by the Royal Engineers to the memory of their comrades who fell in the Crimea. Taking post in front of the arch as a saluting base, the whole force marched past in open column, and thence filed off to their several quarters. The marching past being on the whole satisfactorily accomplished, though there were two or three halts caused by the troops getting somehow crowded, the royal party returned to town.

GENERALS MEADE AND GRANT.

THE portraits in the front page are excellent likenesses of Generals Meade and Ulysses Grant. Both generals were educated at the United States' Military Seminary of West Point.

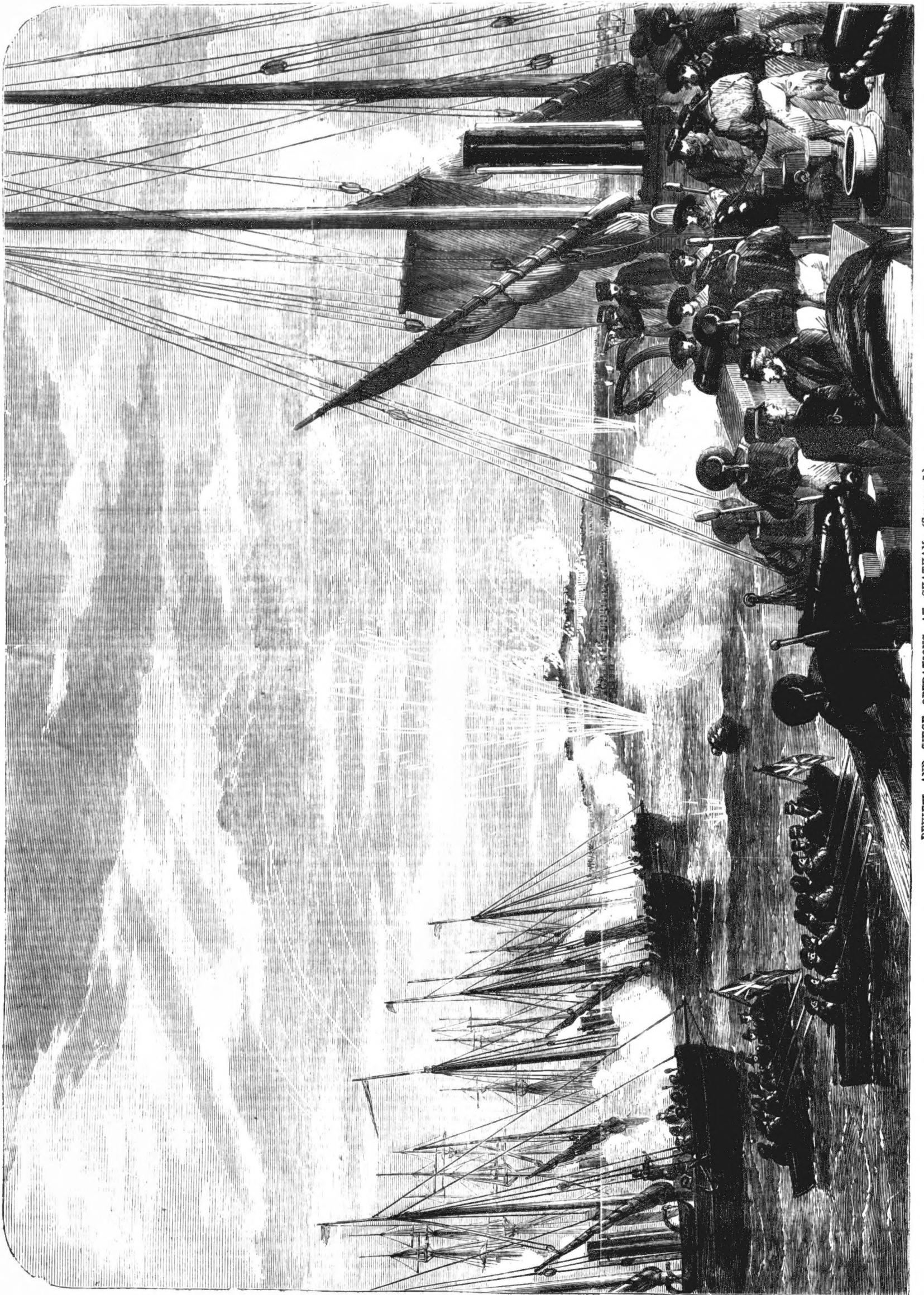
An American journalist thus describes General Grant:—

"During the battle of the Wilderness, General Grant's headquarters were located in a field between the plank road and a small road leading to a little hamlet known as Parker's Store. During the fight, however, he was principally with General Meade, whose headquarters were on a pine knoll in the rear of Warren's corps. I had seen Grant at Vicksburg and in Tennessee, and his appearance was familiar; but as I strolled through the group of officers reclining under the trees at headquarters I looked for him some time in vain, such was his insignificant, unpretending aspect and conduct while the battle was raging in all its fury. A stranger to the insignia of military rank would have little dreamed that the plain, quiet man who sat with his back against a tree, apparently heedless and unmoved, was the one upon whom the fortunes of the day, if not of the age and country, were hanging. It was only when some aide or orderly rode up in hot haste with a communication from some portion of the battle-field that his eyes upturned to seek in those of the messenger the purport of the message. The consultation with Gen. Meade or the direct suggestion or command—all took place with that same imperturbability of countenance for which he has always been remarkable. No movement of the enemy seemed to puzzle or disconcert him. Fertile in resources, the petition for reinforcement was speedily answered. And while all this transpired he stood calmly in the group, at times smoking his favourite cigar—a more vigorous or a more frequent puffing only indicating the inward working of the mind. If something transpired which he deemed needed his personal attention, away he darted on horseback to the immediate scene, the one or two of his aides and orderly exerting their utmost to keep up with him. Arrived on the spot, he calmly considered the matter requiring his attention, with ready judgment communicated the necessary orders, and then galloped away to another part of the field, or to his seat beneath the pine tree, there to enter on the order book some record of the battle's progress. It was amusing again at times to see him—the commander-in-chief—whittling away with his knife upon the bark of a tree, pausing now and then to throw in a word or sentence in the conversation of those grouped about, and then going to work again with renewed vigour upon the incision of the pine. The contemplation of this by those who were with him at Vicksburg will recall an incident of a similar character in that memorable siege. When the columbiads were mounted in front of Logan's line, General Grant was desirous of superintending the operations. During the preliminary work of cutting the embraures, he mounted the epaulment, and while the rebel bullets struck all around him, deliberately whittled a rail until the guns were placed in position."

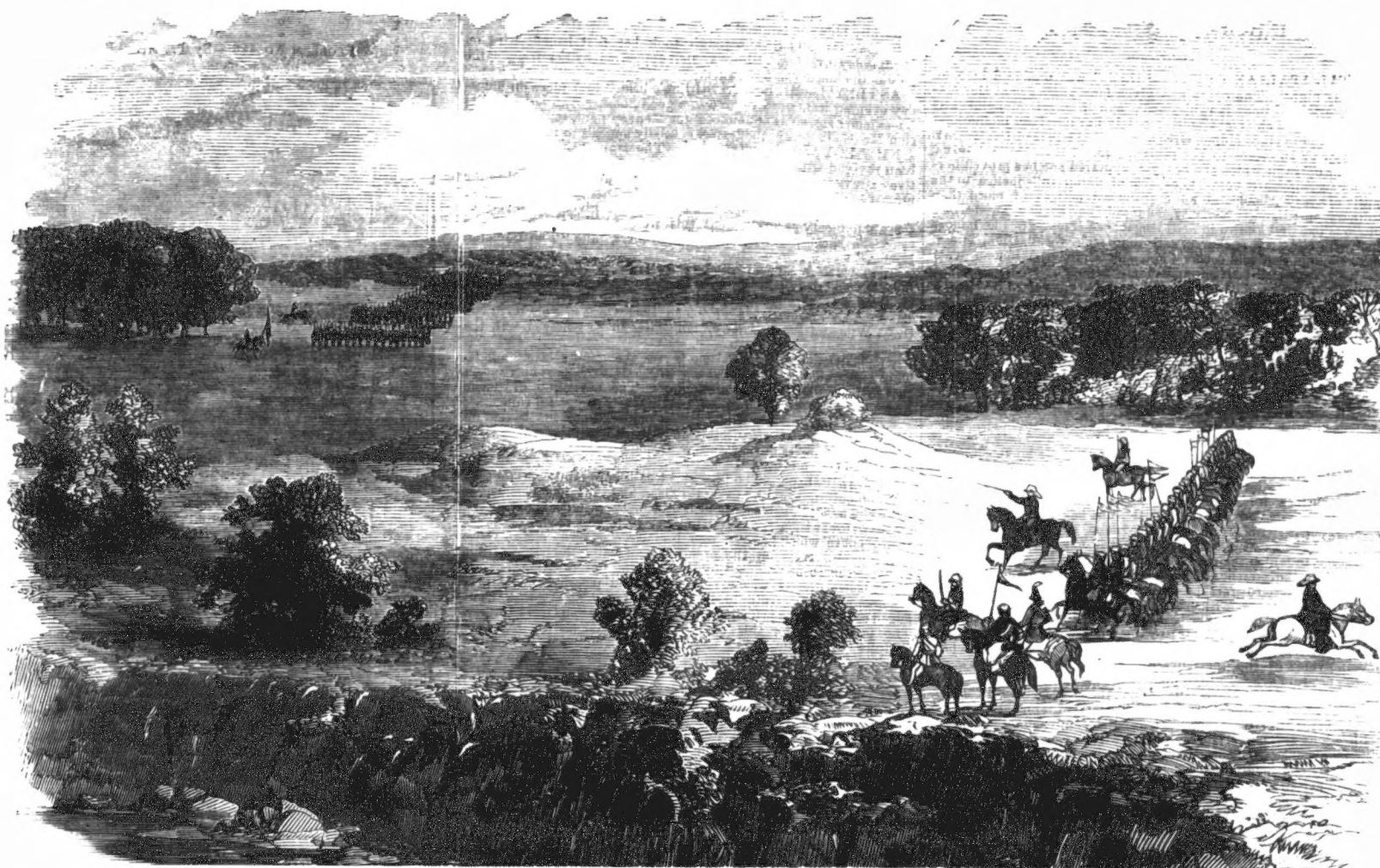
BOOK-HAWKING.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has recently consented to accept the office of patron of the Church of England Book-hawking Union, and kindly forwarded ten guineas to its funds. This valuable institution was established under the patronage of the late Prince Consort, to aid and further the work of book-hawking throughout the country. Its depot, at No. 3, Waterloo-place, is open to the inspection of all members of such book-hawking associations as are in connexion with the union.

THE KING OF BAVARIA.—A letter from Munich states that King Louis a short time since met with an accident which might have cost him his life. During his last stay at the Chateau of Berg, near the Lake of Starnberg, he made several excursions on horseback in the neighbourhood. On descending a rather steep road his majesty wished to put on his great coat, and, in order to avoid calling on any of his attendants to assist him, put the bridle in his mouth. The animal, being suddenly startled by some noise, dropped his head so violently as to pull the bridle from the King's mouth, who was pulled over the head of the horse and fell heavily to the ground. Fortunately the road was very sandy, and his majesty escaped with only a slight wound on his right cheek.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge, to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.



REVIEW AND SIEGE OPERATIONS AT CHATHAM. (See page 7.)



CONFEDERATE CAVALRY WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF GENERAL GRANT. (See page 10.)



GROUP OF CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. (See page 3.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—"Otello" was produced here on Saturday night. The opera was given four years ago at Her Majesty's, with Mme. Borghi-Mamo, and Signor Mongini and Everardi, in the chief characters; but it has not been produced at the rival house since Mme. Grial sustained the part of Desdemona. No worthier successor to her could be found than Mlle. Lagrue. In every opera in which she has yet appeared she has proved herself an accomplished vocalist, capable of doing full justice to the music of every school, and an experienced actress of more than ordinary intelligence, vivacity, and power. Signor Tamberlik's Otello is too well known to need lengthened comment. The famous duet with Iago was ennobled, and the facile vocalization, impassioned acting, and bold declamation, gained for the Roman tenor frequent and well-merited applause. Signor Neri-Baraldi, the Rodrigo of the original, introduced a cavatina, "Qual mai sarà la gioia," from "Riccardo e Zoride," and sang it with admirable taste and expression. Signor Graziani was the Iago; Sig. Atti, Elmo; and Mme. Tagliacozzi, Emilia. The orchestral accompaniments were played throughout, under Signor Costa's direction, with perfect precision; Mr. Lazarus on the clarinet, Mr. Harper on the horn, and Mr. Trust on the harp, having special opportunities for the display of their proficiency.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The production of "Robert le Diable," on Saturday night, introduced a new candidate, Mlle. Harriers-Whippen in the character of Alice. The lady's success was triumphant, and a star of the first magnitude broke suddenly and with dazzling lustre on the musical horizon. Mlle. Harriers-Whippen comes from the Berlin Opera, where she has been playing leading business for some years past, and where, during the recently unprecedented run of "Faust," she has alternated the part of Marguerite with Mlle. Pauline Lucca and Mlle. de Ahna. Mlle. Whippen's success on Saturday was made certain from the first scene, in which the terrified Alice is conducted by the pages of Robert into the presence of the knights. A very few hands were lifted in applause to greet the stranger, although her appearance is highly prepossessing. She soon, however, ennobled the attention of the whole audience by her beautiful, clear, silvery voice, and long before she had reached the air "Yonne dièse" she had made her mark. The air not only showed Mlle. Whippen to have a pure soprano voice of the finest quality, exquisitely fresh and sympathetic, but to have very high pretensions as a singer. Mlle. Whippen's success went on increasing, and in the air "Nel lasciar la Normandia" rose to a furor. The demand for a repetition, even after the second verse had been given, was irresistible, and had to be complied with. The grand finale revealed new powers and beauties in this debutante, none of which were lost on the audience, who applauded frequently and loudly, and, late as it was, on the fall of the curtain recalled her and received her with tumultuous cheers. Of the rest of the performance we need not speak at great length. Signor Gardoni, who appeared, we believe, for the first time in Robert, sang the music perfectly. Signor Juncas is to be praised both for his singing and acting in Bertram. Mlle. Liebhart sang the music of Isabella with much brilliancy, and acted with becoming dignity; and Signor Bettini sustained the part of Rinaldo, both as singer and actor, like an artist. The ballet spectacle was well got up, Mlle. Caterina Beritta, as Elena, dancing the pas with marvellous agility and ease. A very striking effect was produced in this scene by the electric light being projected from the top of the grand chandelier on to the stage, the shadows being thus thrown backwards from the spectators, instead of sideways, as is usually done. The band and chorus could not be better, and the performance was altogether most complete.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday night, after the comedietta of "The Balance of Comfort, and the new play of "David Garrick," a new piece of extravaganza, in one act, entitled "Lord Dundreary Married and Done for," written by Mr. H. J. Byron, was produced for the first time. The part of Lord Dundreary (married to Georgina) was, as a matter of course, assigned to Mr. Sothorn. Asa Trenchard (settled down as an English farmer) was excellently represented by Mr. Buckstone; Sir Edward Trenchard (married to Mrs. Monnichessington), Lady Dundreary (Miss Caroline Hill), Lady Edward Trenchard (Miss Snowden), and the rest of the characters were all ably sustained. There is no plot in the generally received term, but the situations and the equivocal which arise kept the house in incessant roars of laughter. The scene represents his lordship's country villa, and in an elegant drawing-room, seated, are Lady Edward Trenchard, who having tamed her third husband in the most complete manner, instructs her daughter, Lady Dundreary, to assume more authority over her husband. Lord Dundreary is made to feel the questionable advantage of having a mother-in-law who assumes the control of the household—orders builders in to take down the drawing-room for the purpose of rebuilding it, &c., and the house is filled with a host of persons who come to sponge upon the good-natured nobleman, get money out of him, use his favourite fowling-piece, borrow his horses, dressing-gowns, &c. One importunate canvasser appeals to him on behalf of a society established for the distribution of toothpicks for the savages in Central Africa, and wheedles him out of a cheque for £50. Eventually, however, Dundreary, urged by Asa Trenchard, flares up and determines to get rid of his mother-in-law and other hangers-on. We can only state that the piece is a complete success, and that the house was crammed in every part. The extravaganza was followed by the farce of "An Unlucky Mortal."

PRINCESS'S.—This evening (Saturday) will be produced a new play, adapted from the French, entitled "The Monastery of St. Just," in which Mlle. Stella Colas will appear and sustain two characters.

ADELPHI.—On Saturday night last, with the 210th performance of "Leah," terminated the engagement of Miss Bateman at this theatre, so far as the present season is concerned. The feat of carrying this play triumphantly through a run of more than 200 nights is one which may be regarded as unprecedented. That the audience assembled to greet Miss Bateman as, with unabated courage and brilliant with conscious prowess, she touched the goal of her long labours, should have been the largest and the most enthusiastic that she had ever yet attracted within the walls of the Adelphi, is only what might naturally have been expected; but the degree of fervour displayed in the overwhelming demonstrations which attended this last performance can only be accounted for by the feeling of strong personal regard which this young lady has the secret of inspiring, and which adds an additional glow to the admiration kindled by the genius of the artist. At the fall of the curtain, Miss Bateman, in obedience to the vociferous acclamations of the audience, was led forward by Mr. Webster, who, when the task of gathering together the numerous bouquets showered upon the lady was completed, delivered the following brief address:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am very proud to witness the ovation you have just paid to this talented young lady, and I think I may venture to say, justly paid to her. To produce a successful piece is a pleasing event in any manager's career. These boards have witnessed many extraordinary successes; but to produce a great artist is a rare event in any theatre—for they are like angels' visits, few, and far between—especially one so gifted, mentally and physically, as Miss Bateman. During 210 nights, Miss Bateman has, in the one character of Leah, excited the interest of the public, and their judgment is seldom in the wrong. She has proved that genuine talent and genuine art will ever have its attractions, even with the highest in the realm. I am happy to inform you that Miss Bateman will reappear here on the

2nd of January next, to achieve, I trust, in other characters fresh triumphs, and until then she most gratefully, cordially, and respectfully bids you farewell."

STRAND.—Mrs. Swanborough took her first benefit here on Wednesday evening. She was well supported by her friends, the public, the house being crowded.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. Edward Stirling's benefit took place on Tuesday evening last, when there was a good house. The last night of the summer season is announced for Monday next, on which occasion Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee, specially appeals to his friends.

NEW ROYALTY.—"Ixion; or, The Man at the Wheel," has been revived with the utmost success; and, with the other attractive extravaganza of "Rampelstiltskin," the audience is kept in the utmost humour the whole evening.

CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. Nelson Lee has given the lovers of sensation plenty of excitement this week, in the shape of "The Convict's Escape," "The Corsican Brothers," and "The Skeleton Robber."

BRITANNIA.—The revival of "The Message from the Sea," from Mr. Charles Dickens's well-known Christmas story, has been attended with very good success. It is admirably placed on the stage. The extravaganza of "The Bold Outlaw, Rob Roy; his Great Wife and Small Family," continues to be received with the utmost gusto.

VICTORIA.—Madame Celeste is still the great attraction here. This week she has been playing with effect the part of Vanderdecken in "The Flying Dutchman." The burlesque of "The Adventures of Obek and Plant" continues its successful run.

EFFINGHAM.—Mr. J. B. Howe produced for his benefit on Wednesday evening "Macbeth" and the "Rag-picker of Paris." The principal pieces during the week have been "Such is Life," and "The Ocean of Life."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The fifth of the series of grand concerts took place on Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, and the attendance was as large and as fashionable as it usually is upon such occasions. The centre transept from the Handel orchestra to the model of Shakespeare's house which faces it, was literally crammed, and to those who occupied seats on the orchestra and facing the mass of the audience the scene produced by the blending of the various colours of the ladies' dresses was very peculiar and pleasing. The programme was an exceedingly well-selected one, and the artists engaged comprised the principal members of the Italian Opera Houses. The programme for this day (Saturday) includes the names of Carlotta Patti, Mlle. Emilia Lagrue, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Atti, and Mlle. Krebs the pianist. On Monday last the ten years' anniversary of the opening of the palace was celebrated by a popular fete; but the weather turned out very stormy about mid-day, and doubtless kept many visitors away. During the ten years the palace has been visited by the extraordinary number of fifteen millions and a quarter (15,266,882) of people. This figure looks large, but it may safely be said that it is far larger than it looks, or than any one not habitually conversant with such numbers can conceive. To assist the visitors to appreciate it for themselves the directors have had prepared a piece of calico on which is printed a single million of dots. These dots are of three-sixteenths of an inch apart, and yet they cover a space of 225 feet long by three feet wide. The cloth is hung in the centre transept, and is a very striking object if looked at in the light above indicated. A fine chimpanzee has lately been placed in the tropical department. It was sent from Africa, by Mons. du Chastell, and as the only specimen in London is interesting to lovers of natural history.

CREMORNE GARDENS.—The day fets have commenced at this unrivalled place of open air entertainment, and the grounds have been filled by a numerous and fashionable throng of spectators. The programme included the performances of Loisset's "Royal Trompe of Artiste," and the surprising gymnastic feats performed excited equal wonder and admiration. Mr. Franck went through his exploits on the trapeze. Mr. Roche introduced his highly-trained dogs. Mr. Bond, on the pole-ladder, gave his entertainment, called "L'Antipode," and M. Helburg appeared on the horizontal bar. The Cocos-Nut Dance, by the four clever children, Little Rochez, Clotilde, Emilie, and Dorothea, was admirably executed. The Elizabethan dances of the Morris and Maypole were well arranged on the lawn by Mr. Milano, and illustrated by the Cremorne corps of corymbes in full costume. The manifold entertainments of the evening followed in due course with unabated brilliancy, to the infinite gratification of the numerous visitors, who, after twilight, thronged the various places of entertainment here concentrated in one spot, and producing a round of uninterrupted delight. The great success of these day fets must lead to their frequent repetition through the season.

DEATH OF MRS. EDMUND FALCONER.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Edmund Falconer, wife of the well-known dramatist and co-lessee of Drury-lane Theatre. Mrs. Falconer expired, after a few weeks of most painful illness, on Tuesday week at noon. The deceased was one of the daughters of the esteemed actor, Mr. John Neville, and at an early period of her life was a favourite actress in the provinces. To metropolitan playgoers she was best known as Mrs. Weston, and on her first appearance at Drury Lane, fifteen years ago, as Lady Macbeth, she seemed to aspire to the highest walks of her profession. Comedy, however, proved her forte, and both at the Princess's Theatre, and at the Lyceum, under the lesseeship of her second husband, Mr. Edmund Falconer, she established herself in public estimation as the excellent representative of parts requiring a comely figure and a genial interpretation. A serious accident that befel the lady at Liverpool, whilst representing an equestrian character, had produced a lameness, which, however, was only occasionally perceptible to the audience. Her last appearance on the stage was at Drury Lane, on the occasion of the revival of the first part of "King Henry IV," when she personated Dame Quickly. Mrs. Falconer, in private life, was esteemed, and her death will be the source of much regret to a large circle of her friends, and of sorrow to her relatives and family.

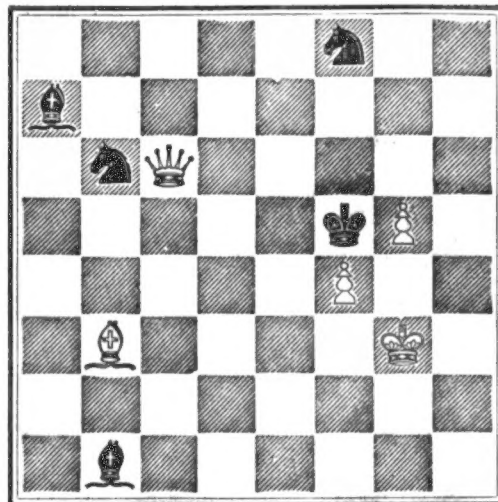
THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

SOUTHERN accounts state that numbers have been attracted by the star of General Forrest, who has indeed shown himself worthy of their love and admiration. In a very short time he succeeded in acquiring a force which gave much annoyance to the Federals. When Generals Smith and Grierson started from Memphis with 6,000 Yankee cavalry, to join Sheridan at Meridian, Forrest met them with less than half their number, compelled them to abandon their plunder, inflicted on them a stinging defeat, broke up the whole combination, and drove them back to Memphis so demoralised that they have not since dared to take the field. Not resting here, he immediately invaded Western Tennessee and Kentucky, captured various Federal posts, with their garrisons, including Paducah and Fort Pillow, and now holds Western Tennessee in defiance of any attempt of his opponents to drive him out. He has recruited his command already to 7,000 men. On page 9 we give an illustration of a troop of General Forrest's cavalry preparing for a dash at the Federals.

TWO-SHILLING PRIZE GOLD PENCIL-CASE, two and a quarter inches long, with reserve of leads, real stone seals, and rings to attach it to chain, free by return for twenty-six stamps. Upwards of 95,000 have been already sold. Gold Lockets, for portraits, in enormous variety, from 2s. 6d. to 70s. The sweetest and prettiest assortment of FINE GOLD EAR-RINGS in London, from 3s. to 70s. Albert Chains, from 25s. to £11. Ladies' Gold Chains, from 21s. to £10; a great variety from two to four guineas. Jewellery of every description. Country orders must contain Post-office order or stamps. Parker, 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. [Advertisement.]

Chess.

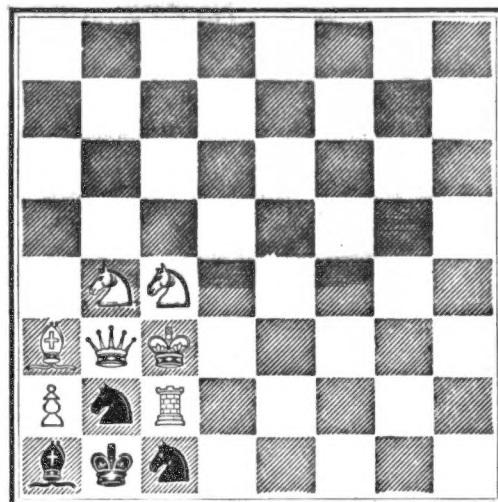
PROBLEM No. 186.—By T. SMITH, Esq.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 187.

In the April number of the *Berlin Schachzeitung* appears the following extraordinary position:—
Black.



White.
The condition of the problem is, that White is to play, and compel Black to checkmate him by a discovered check on White's K R eight square. The number of moves in which this is to be accomplished is not given. A prize is to be awarded to each of the first ten persons who send in correct solutions up to the first of July next; the prize, in each case, to consist of a copy of any Chess work which the successful competitors may choose to select from Messrs. Veit and Co.'s Chess library.

VERY FUNNY, IF TRUE.

NEW MOVE IN CHESS.—In a recent code of laws, based upon the play at the Mercantile Library, we omitted a rule, by which it appears that a player whose King is in danger may capture his King with one of his pieces, and remove it out of harm's way. This occurred in actual play at that institution, quite recently. One player innocently captured his own King with a Bishop, and placed his Majesty in the pocket of the table. The game went peacefully on for some time, until his adversary, who was getting up a very deep (!) combination, remarked—"I ought to have a check somewhere about here," and it was then discovered that there was nothing for him to check. The move was a decidedly original one, and needs careful examination before being generally adopted.—*Evening Bulletin.*

W. GARDNER.—The position is somewhat crowded. Moreover, we object to the Bishop on K R square. In real play, the Bishop could never have arrived at that square whilst the Pawn remained at K Kt 2nd square.

T. SMITH.—We beg to thank you for your contributions, of which we shall have pleasure in availing ourselves. May we ask you to number your problems in future.

The Court.

The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise of Hesse, Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

Towards the latter end of next month her Majesty will go to Osborne, and on the 1st of September the Queen will again visit Balmoral.—*Court Journal.*

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will give their first ball on Monday, the 4th of July, at Marlborough House.

Her Majesty went to London on Monday, expressly to visit the Duke of Newcastle, who was alarmingly ill. The Queen afterwards went to the Deanery at Westminster. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Hesse accompanied the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the Caledonian Ball, on Monday. The first quadrille having been danced, Mr. Ross, the Queen's piper, and Mr. Henderson, pipe-major of the Scots Fusilier Guards, came forward and played the Marquis of Hantley's "Highland Fling" and the "Reel of Tulloch" with great spirit, both of which were executed with great spirit by the ladies and gentlemen engaged. The Princess appeared somewhat surprised at the exuberant style of some of the Scottish gentlemen, and a casual observer might have fancied her royal highness was more astonished than amused at the display. But as the dance waxed warmer and the noise grew louder the Princess, yielding to the general feeling, appreciated the fun, and laughed outright.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSON HOUSE.

CHARGE OF FRAUD.—Two poorly-dressed young men, foreigners, who gave the names of Coymans and De Vandriescho, the former being described as a cook, were brought before Mr. Alderman Finnis, charged with conspiring to defraud Messrs. Dedry and Debergh, flax merchants, in Charles-street, Dandrik, of goods of the value of £500. Mr. Lewis, jun., conducted the examination. The prisoners defended themselves. About six weeks ago the prisoner, De Vandriescho, took a second floor back bedroom furnished, at 8, a week, in the house of a widow and landlady, named O'Brien, at 8, Lawrence-street, Richmond. He then gave the name of Scholesman. There the prisoner Coymans, who had been a waiter at Lillie, with a woman supposed to be his wife, joined him about a fortnight afterwards, and occupied a furnished bedroom at the same rent. They had not been long lodgers of Mrs. O'Brien before letters began to be addressed to them there in the names of 'Scholesman and Co., merchants.' The prisoners had no offices at their house, and no business was carried on by them there. On the 21st of May the prosecutors received at Dandrik a letter signed Scholesman and Co., who professed to have a straw factory at Blackwall, which proved to be false, and offices at 8, Lawrence-street, Richmond, square, requesting them to send them the quantity they could supply. The writers added that they used a great deal of flax in their business, and that if the prices were moderate, they would take a large quantity, for which they would pay in eight days. They asked at the same time to be informed if they could on advantageous terms dispose of a cargo of flax in Dunkirk and its neighbourhood. On the receipt of that letter the prosecutors sent samples of flax to the address given, and on the 26th of May they received an order from Scholesman and Co. for 500 kilograms, 500 of which, worth about £200, they supplied forthwith. On the 1st of June the prosecutors drew a bill for the amount, and sent it to their correspondents at 8 Lawrence-street, Richmond-square, to be accepted by them, and then returned, but it had not been sent back. The next day they received a letter from Scholesman and Co., asking them to send all they had of a certain kind of flax, in answer to which they forwarded 8700 kilograms, worth about £400, and sent by post the bill of lading to the same address. Mr. Debergh, one of the prosecutors, came with the last-mentioned letter. On arriving in London he went to 8 Lawrence-street, to see what manner of men his correspondents were. He did not find either of the prisoners there, and he was told they were not at home. He began to suspect something wrong, and having taken legal advice he put the matter into the hands of the police, stopping at the same time the delivery of the £400 worth of flax which had been consigned to the prisoners. On their being apprehended he recognised in the prisoner De Vandriescho a man who had about three months ago applied to him personally at Dandrik to sell him some flax, which he refused to do, not liking his appearance. He now stated in reply to the bench that he should not have supplied the goods to the prisoners had he not believed they had a straw factory at Blackwall, and that they were what they professed to be—merchants. In the ordinary sense of the term, Mr. Lewis applied to have the prisoners remanded for further evidence. They belonged, he said, to a class of commercial pirates, chiefly foreigners, who infested this city and preyed upon the credulity of their countrymen abroad. Mr. Alderman Finnis remanded the prisoners, remarking as he did so on the want of ordinary precaution shown by persons who are victimized in this manner.

BOW STREET.

A NEW FRAUD.—Don't TRUST TO APPEARANCES.—Mr. Harman, the head waiter at the Freemasons Tavern Great Queen-street, applied to the chief magistrate, Mr. Hall, for his opinion and advice, under the following circumstances:—Mr. Harman stated that on the previous evening, he was called down stairs by one of the waiters to see a gentleman who had asked for him. The gentleman said he had dined at the tavern and he was bound to Gretna, but not having quite money enough, he wanted a loan of £5 as security for which he would deposit his watch and chain. Together upwards of £60. He at first hesitated to advance the money, as the gentleman had apparently had a little too much wine, but he reflected that a gentleman in that condition had much better not take a watch worth £60 to Gretna, and that if he did not advance the £5, somebody else scrupulous would be very likely to seize the gentleman's watch and probably without even advance of £5 upon it. On the whole, he considered it would be doing the gentleman a kindness to take care of his watch till the morning. He accordingly took charge of the watch. He had at that time no suspicion of the person he was dealing with, who certainly seemed to be a perfect gentleman, and he therefore did not particularly examine the watch with a view to ascertain if it was really worth the money stated. At the first glance it certainly appeared to be so. The gentleman invited him to go to Gretna, too, which he declined, and the gentleman went off with £5, and was seen to enter a neighbouring hotel where he had said that he was staying. In the morning Mr. Harman discovered that he had been duped. The watch chain, which, upon a slight inspection by daylight passed very well for gold, was by daylight obviously and unmistakably brass, and worth at the utmost 1s or 1s 6d. The watch itself was what is familiarly called a "duffer." What was supposed to be the gold case was simply pinback, and, like the brass case, would not bear the daylight. It was set front and back with what he had at first supposed to be diamonds and to quinine; but the sun's rays betrayed them as paste and blue glass. The interior was so badly made up to resemble that of a good watch, but the greater part of the works were absent, and in fact there were only those wheels, &c., which must be in sight, and which were necessary to keep the watch going for five or ten minutes at a time. Having no proper spring, the "watch" could not be wound up, but it was set going by being shaken. Such as the thing was, it was worth about 12s. It was no doubt made expressly for the purpose of fraud. The "gentleman" had not dined at the Freemasons nor any other hotel. The magistrate said it would be useless to set up any criminal charge. Mr. Harman had incautiously lent his money on what he thought to be good security, and it turned out to be worthless. Mr. Harman said the publication of the statement would at least be a warning to others.

WESTMINSTER.

POCKET-PICKING IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—Samuel Omsenden was charged on remand before Mr. Balfour with picking the pocket of Mr. James Clay, M.P., in the lobby of the House of Lords. The prosecutor stated that between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of the previous Friday he was going toward the robing-room of the House of Lords, when he felt a hand in his coat pocket. He turned his head and saw his pocket-book drop at the prisoner's feet. He then gave the prisoner into the custody of a police-constable. The pocket-book was produced and identified by the prosecutor. Police-sergeant Shoreham, F. 11, stated that on the 19th of February, 1864, the prisoner was charged at the Marylebone Police-court with attempting to steal a watch at the Polytechnic Institution, on which charge he was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. He was committed for trial.

CLIFTONWELL.

A FEROCEOUS SHOCK-BACK.—John Begley, who described himself as a shoemaker, was charged with violently and indecently assaulting Mrs. Elizabeth Brandon, a married woman, at the corner of the Euston-road, St. Pancras. Mr. H. Allen, prosecuting officer of the Associate Institution for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, attended to state the case. On Sunday night the complainant her niece, and her husband were passing along the Euston-road, when the prisoner, who is known to the police as a bully and the companion of the thieves and prostitutes of West-street and James-street, rushed between them and in a most indecent manner assaulted Mrs. Brandon. Not content with this conduct, he indecently assaulted another respectable woman. When Mr. Brandon and another young man interfered the prisoner made a blow at them. He was very violent, and had it not been for the arrival of the police he would have made his escape. The prisoner said that he was drunk. The police said the prisoner had been twice before convicted at the Marylebone Police-court for assaults. Mr. Barker said he was determined to put a stop to these disgraceful outrages as far as he could. It was fortunate for the prisoner that the second woman who had been insulted was not in attendance, or he should, if the case had been proved against him, have sent him to prison for that assault. As it was he should now sentence the prisoner to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour, without the option of a fine, in the House of Correction for two calendar months.

MARYLEBONE.

A STREET ROW.—Mr. William Marshall, of No. 4 Paper-buildings, Temple, and Mr. George Vivian of Carcross-street, Greenwich, were charged with being drunk and fighting together in Regent-street. Inspector Wilson, O division, stated that he was in company of Inspector Silverton about ten o'clock on Saturday night in Regent-street. He there saw a crowd round the defendants, who were fighting in the roadway. He heard some one say "Give it him; let him have it;" and Marshall then struck Vivian a blow which appeared to stun him for a moment. Both of the defendants had been drinking, but Vivian was more tipsy than Marshall. Both prisoners were taken to the station. Inspector Silverton, O division, said

he heard Marshall say, after striking Vivian, "That will settle him." Mr. Marshall, in reply to the charge, said he had dined with a friend at Verey's, and so far from being intoxicated, he could not remember he had part of one bottle of champagne. While passing down Regent-street with his friend, he was grossly insulted by Vivian, and he immediately turned round and struck him. Blows were then exchanged, and Vivian was knocked down. The police came up, and without knowing anything about the matter, began to abuse him. He was taken to the station-house, and his friend, who could have given evidence, was refused admission. The defendant Vivian denied insulting language towards him, and he claimed the protection of the acting-inspector. No notice, however, was taken of his appeal, and Inspector Silverton said he was no gentleman. Police-sergeant Bacon, acting-inspector at the Vine-street station, said he took the charge in the usual way. Vivian was intoxicated, but Marshall was not, though he had evidently been drinking. No person appealed to him for protection, nor did he hear Inspector Silverton say to Marshall he was no gentleman. Mr. Marshall said he would swear the expression was used. When the police found out who he was they altered their tone and became quite respectful. The defendant Vivian said he had been drinking too much and was not accountable for his actions. The defendant Marshall said he was sober. The insult he received was gross. The defendant Vivian as he passed him put his hand indecently on his person. Major Ray, of Queen's-terrace, said in support of Mr. Marshall at Verey's, and when walking down Regent-street Mr. Marshall said "That fellow (pointing to Vivian) has indecently assaulted me." Mr. Marshall then knocked Vivian down. When the inspectors came up he proceeded to tell them what had occurred, but they refused to listen to him. He did not say to Mr. Marshall "Give it him." He was refused admission into the station, and the police were otherwise very unkind to him. When he offered to bail his friend they said they could only accept his bail after seeing his last receipt for postage. Mr. Knox said as Marshall has been subjected to the insult described he should discharge him. With reference to the charge of insubordination on the part of the police, it must be recollected that the inspectors saw two people fighting, and one knocked the other down. Mr. Marshall said he was not like a pickpocket by the police. He was then examined as a witness against Vivian. He was walking arm-and-arm with his friend when the defendant ran against him, and then placed his hand indecently upon his person. He turned round and said, "You sounder!" and then knocked the defendant down. Vivian said no one more regretted what had happened than he did. Mr. Knox said if Mr. Marshall had any complaint to make against the police, he must go before Sir Richard Mayne. With respect to Vivian's conduct, he had got drunk, and had acted in the way described, for which he was knocked down. He could not, as a magistrate, say that Mr. Marshall was justified in what he had done, but every one would say his conduct was excusable under the circumstances. He should require Vivian to find bail to keep the peace for six months.

MARYLEBONE.

PROSECUTION PRODIGALITY.—Rosina Grey, aged 11, living at 63, Bolsover-street, and Christina Haase, aged 19, of 29, Bolsover-street, were charged with picking pockets in Hampstead-road. George Stancombe, police-constable 259 B, said: On the previous afternoon my attention was called to the two prisoners. I watched them, and saw them close round two ladies who were looking in at a bonnet shop, and touch their dresses. They left the ladies, and Haase went into a pawnbroker's shop while the other prisoner remained outside. I went in and asked the shopman to take notice of the prisoners. Grey made no reply. She dropped a purse. Haase at the same time said, "Mind, I did not drop that." They were both taken into custody. At the station-house they both denied dropping the purse. Shortly afterwards I saw the assistant I had spoken to at the pawnbroker's shop, and he said that he had turned her out for having her hands in a woman's pocket. Maybank, 270 D, stated: The purse was picked up by a lad and given to me. The elder prisoner said the purse was given to her by the younger prisoner. The younger prisoner said that she took the purse produced from a lady's pocket in Thompson's road, in the Hampstead-road. Mr. Yardley: Is that true? Haase: I did take it from a lady in Thompson's. Maybank: They said to the inspector at the station-house that, in company with a third girl, they went out regularly every day to pick pockets; that the last time they went out they got 2s 6d, and that they spent the money in sweetmeats and other things. In reply to Mr. Yardley, Grey said: I live with my father. I have no mother. My father is a musician and plays the double bass at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. I have four brothers and sisters at home. There is my little brother, only six years of age, and myself. I am left to mind him, as we have no mother. I go with the other prisoner, and she gets the money and gives it to me. Mr. Yardley: Get money where? Grey: I go about with her and another girl. They get the money and we share it among us. I don't go out every day, because I am ill. Mr. Yardley: What do you say, Haase? Haase hung down her head and remained silent. Mr. Yardley: Come, tell me; is it true what the other girl says? Haase: Yes. Mr. Yardley: Who do you live with? Haase: My father and stepmother. My father is a currier and glider and framemaker. The parents attended, and, after receiving a lecture from his worship, were ordered to take the prisoners home.

THE ORCHARD AND HIS MISTRESS.—Mary Jordan, aged 29, of 3, Wilton-place, St. John's-road, was charged before Mr. Mansfield with creating a disturbance, and wilfully breaking a bottle of perfume, valued at 5s, at the shop of Mr. Edmund White, chemist, 119, Park-terrace, Regent's-park. Mr. Palm, solicitor, appeared to prosecute, and said that the prisoner had lived with his client as his wife for some time. Laterley he had been compelled to withhold any further connection with her through her violent temper. He had not, however, done that without having made ample provision for her, a deed having been drawn up by which he would agree to allow her a good yearly income if she would only keep away from and not molest him. This she agreed to and kept to for a short time, but she had since come back and greatly annoyed Mr. White. Several arrangements had again been made, but she would keep none of them. Mr. White said: The prisoner called upon me about four yesterday afternoon. She then left peacefully, and returned about nine at night in a cab, and called me out to see her. She asked me for some money, but I declined to let her have a farthing, knowing that she could not want it. She then left the cab, went into the shop, and flourishing about her parcel, knocked down and broke a bottle of perfume. This has occurred before. I have furnished a house for her, and by means of that, and what I allow her, she receives about £10 per month. The crowd was so great and my business so much interfered with, that I was compelled to give her into custody.

Mr. Mansfield: You (prisoner) seem to have gone to his house with sufficient reason? Prisoner: He has only given me £5 for the last two months. Mr. Palm: My client has paid her during the last six weeks between £40 and £50, and she has the furniture which he bought for her. Prisoner: The furniture was bought by me. I am most disgraced on my part after the family I have had by him, and now I am five months gone. He ought not to be happy. He has made me a most miserable and wretched woman. In my present state he ought to maintain me. He got me into this trouble. He has turned me out like a dog, and grossly abused my family. I keep a child of his now, that I have no right to do. Mr. Mansfield: These disturbances at Mr. White's house cannot be allowed, whatever claim you may have upon him. Prisoner: I will ask you, sir, has he any right to insult and hurt a woman's feelings? I wish you would read a lesson to him in the best of my days, and when I was a very young girl. Mr. Palm: You have no right to make such a statement. Prisoner: I have. He is not now visiting ladies in St. John's-road? Mr. Palm: My client has made a deed of settlement upon her for £100 a year, and he has taken the children to maintain. Prisoner: He has broken my heart. Mr. Mansfield ordered the prisoner to keep the peace for twelve months, in the sum of £50 towards the complainant and all of her Majesty's subjects.

ORGAN GRINDING.—Francis Barolomeo, Saffron-hill, organ-player, was charged with playing his organ in St. Stephen's-crescent, to the annoyance of the person charging, and refusing to go away when requested to do so. Francis Little, a gentleman residing in St. Stephen's-crescent, said: This morning the prisoner commenced playing his organ near my house, and I was so annoyed that I sent my footman out to tell him to go away. This request he refused to comply with, and continued to play. Another request to move off was made to him, when he only moved to another house close by. I got up and put on my dressing gown, and made motions to him to go away. He went playing near the door from nine till ten. He was playing opposite my door. When I motioned to him to go away he held out his hand, and seemed to think it a good joke. Mr. D'Eyncourt: You really were unwell? Mr. Little: I am unwell, and I feel so now. I may tell you, sir, that I have been laid up in bed for nine weeks. I have had a deal of sickness in my house. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Did you ask him to go away? Mr. Little: I requested him myself to go away, and after that he continued to play. I should think that the prisoner was not more than twenty or thirty yards from the house at any time. Mr. D'Eyncourt: What did you say to the prisoner? Mr. Little: I beckoned him to go away and pointed to my head. He played at four or five different places after a. He seemed to understand. Prisoner intimated that he could not understand the evidence, he being an Italian. Later in the day a female interpreter was produced, who interpreted the above evidence to him. Prisoner said he did not understand that he was wanted to move away. Mr. D'Eyncourt (to prosecutor): Do you think he understood you? Prosecutor: I am certain he did; his conduct showed it; and, in fact, had it not been for his insolent manner, I should not have desired myself to come here. I feel satisfied that he remained there to annoy me. Mr. D'Eyncourt (to interpreter): Ask him how long he has been in London. Prisoner: Only three weeks.

Mr. D'Eyncourt: Tell him that if he is requested to go away from any house on account of illness, or any other reasonable cause, he is obliged by law to move. This time I will not inflict the full penalty of 40s., seeing that he is newly come to this country. I must impose a penalty, because organ players have become a public nuisance. He will be fined 10s., or in default four days' imprisonment.

WORSHIP STREET.

A COOL THIEF.—William Dolton, aged 27, was charged, upon his own confession with robbing his employer. Mr. Child, solicitor to the Licensed Victuallers' Society appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Vann for the defence. Mr. George Badler, in partnership with A. Collins, as proprietors of the Lamb Tavern, Wilton-street, Bethnal-green, said: The prisoner entered our service in June 1863, and left in the following November, but was re-engaged, as barman, in January this year. Since then I have had reason to be dissatisfied with him, and gave him notice to quit, paying him a month's wages when I did so. Yesterday afternoon I received a letter intimating that he was defrauding me, and I therefore had it copied, showed it to him, and I told him the receipts of the house had not been what they ought to have been for some time. I inquired what he meant by that, and he said "Well, as honest as barman in general are." I told him I required to see his boxes, to which he did not object, though he was in great agitation as we went upstairs. On opening the box now produced (like a writing desk) I found in it two packages of copper money, a bag of copper money, a purse containing six sovereigns, a gold watch with chain and appendages, a metal watch, a lady's gold chain, 33s. to silver, a gold ring, and other articles. I had just before paid him £5 1s, but that was found in his pocket, and formed no part of the other money; and in addition to this I found he had a large quantity of new and good articles of clothing. He answered, "Oh! for God's sake do not do that; I admit that I have robbed you from time to time of copper." I asked him of how much more, and he refused to tell me, but at length mentioned £4. I left him with my partner while I went out for a policeman, and on the constable coming in and searching him I told the prisoner, "I am not at all satisfied with what you say. You must have robbed me of a much heavier amount than you now tell me, as your wages were wholly insufficient to cover what you have got." He then said, "I will tell you the truth; it was above £20" to which I answered that I thought it must be nearer £40, and gave him 1s to custody. Saville, 505 H, confirmed the last witness, and added that the prisoner begged very hard for forgiveness before he confessed at last what he did. He had been a barman, it appeared, before being engaged by the prosecutor, to whom he offered to give up everything found in his possession. A savings-bank book was also found among his things, containing entries of deposits up to last April, amounting to £19. Mr. Vann said that money came through his father, as he was instructed, and had nothing to do with his robbery of the prosecutor. The prisoner was a young man of respectable connections, who had never been charged before, and he should advise him to plead guilty, in the hope that the magistrate would consider his youth, feel mercy to him, and give him a chance, by future repentance, and good conduct, of retrieving his character. Mr. Cooke told the prisoner he considered his offence very serious. He could only conclude, from his answer to the prosecutor, that he had been robbing him in this way for a considerable time, and he did not think he should pass a less severe sentence than six months' hard labour in the House of Correction. What money had been found in the prisoner's possession would be given up to the prosecutor.

SEDITION AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Jessie Harwood, a respectable-looking girl of 15, was charged before Mr. Cooke with attempted suicide. George Fritchard, a brickmaker in the service of Mr. Dadds, a builder at Hackney-Wick, stated that while at work on his master's premises, near the Lea river, at half-past six on Saturday morning, he noticed the prisoner wandering about in a very unsettled manner. He at length passed him in the direction of the river, and, suspecting from her conduct that she intended to make away with herself, he told a boy to follow and watch her. The prisoner went down to the bank, sat down for a time, walked backwards and forwards, and then sitting down again, pulled off her hat and cloak, and flinging them into the river, leaped in herself head foremost. He shouted to two of the workmen, who were nearer to her, to try and get her out, and helped to do so himself. They fortunately succeeded in getting hold of and rescuing her, and carried her, almost insensible, to a neighbouring public-house, where the witness poured some brandy and water down her throat, and she at last recovered sufficiently to be given into custody. She cried, "Oh kill me!" and then, "Oh, save me!" but she was not in her senses either time. Mr. Cooke asked if any of her relatives were in court, and the gaoler, having said her mother and father were, Mr. Cooke directed the latter, a warehouseman at Hoxton, to stand forward, and he stated that the last time he had seen the prisoner was ten o'clock on the preceding Monday morning, when he left her for business. He found when he returned that she had left the house at half-past ten, and had not come back. Though but fifteen she had been seduced, and she had been since overpowered by a sense of her degradation. Her mother and the witness pitied and forgave her, and they thought she was somewhat reconciled to her position, but it appeared she was not. She left her home on the 6th, and they could hear nothing of her till Saturday, when they found from the police that she had attempted to drown herself. The prisoner kept crying, but said nothing in defence; and Mr. Cooke sent her to the House of Detention, that he might have time to determine what course to take with her.

THAMES.

A ROBBERY UNDER THE NOSE OF THE POLICE.—At five o'clock, as Mr. Elliott was about to leave the bench, an ill-conditioned, dirty-looking fellow, named James Turner, was charged with stealing a live tame rabbit, the property of Mr. Charles Bascule, the landlord of the Prince of Wales Tavern, in Arden-street East, St. Pancras, opposite the court. Mr. Joseph Smith, solicitor, stated the case for the prosecution, and said the rabbit prisoner was charged with stealing was a favourite, and the amusement of Mr. Bascule's son. The rabbit was taken away from the premises with some skill, while policeman, witnesses, and others were passing in and out of the house, with the large station-house of the K. division exactly opposite the Prince of Wales, the Thames Police-court next door, the police in and about the place, and the magistrate on the bench. The rabbit was in a hutch upon the premises, in a yard close to the side gate. The rabbit was taken out of the hutch and put over the gate; it was received by the prisoner, who was captured, but his confederate escaped. Mr. John Hall, of No. 4, Wellington-place, exactly opposite the south side of the Prince of Wales, said he saw the prisoner a few minutes previously climb the gate of the yard, and receive a rabbit from someone in the yard. The prisoner bolted with the rabbit towards Heath-street. He gave immediate information to a police-constable who followed the prisoner and took him into custody with the rabbit in his possession. Mr. Charles Bascule identified the rabbit produced, and said he had just missed it. He valued the animal at 2s 6d. Mr. Smith: It is a white rabbit—beautiful creature. A police-constable said he found the prisoner close by Heath-street, with the rabbit under his coat. The prisoner said, "It's all right. I will come back." The prisoner said he had been drinking, and was on for a lark. He hardly knew what he was about. A person gave him the rabbit. He would plead "Guilty." Mr. Elliott sentenced the prisoner to one month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

WANDSWORTH.

ELOPEMENT OF A WIFE WITH HER LOVER.—CURIOUS AFFAIR.—Joseph Littlefield was summoned by John Lang, a labourer, for unlawfully detaining his property. The complainant, a little red-faced man, said that he lived at No 2 Frederick-street, Clapham. On Tuesday week last he went home to dinner and found his place stripped, and his wife gone off with her lodger, a man named Thorpe. He found some of the things at the house of the detainer. He also complained that the man had taken his favourite dog. The defendant's wife was examined, and she said that she worked for Mrs. Lang in the laundry for two years, and she always found her a good-principled woman. Mrs. Lang complained to her that her husband had beaten her, and said that she intended to leave him. Tuesday. Witness bought the things of Mrs. Lang and Thorpe. She did not know anything about Mrs. Lang going off with Thorpe. He was not in her company when she saw her go off to Clapham. Two letters were produced, and they caused some amusement. One was addressed to Mrs. Littlefield from Mrs. Lang, in which she stated, "We landed safely on Wednesday," also that she was sorry she had left so many things behind. The letter also implored Mrs. Littlefield "for God's sake do not let a word escape of where we are;" and concluded by giving instructions for an accompanying letter to be put in an envelope and addressed to her husband, and for Mrs. Littlefield to go to the dressmaker's. The letter which accompanied the other was from Thorpe, which showed that they were going to a little of Lancashire and New York. It appeared that on the Saturday Mrs. Littlefield saw the complainant, and handed him the wrong letter, the one she had received from his wife. She discovered her mistake on returning home, and as she thought the complainant ought to have the right one, she went to him again and explained what had happened. He then seized her by the throat and severely ill-used her, for which she had summoned him. The complainant denied the assault, and said he merely took the shawl off her back, which had cost him two guineas for his wife. Mrs. Littlefield's husband said the shawl was only half a one when Mrs. Lang gave it to his daughter for her labour. Mr. Ingham ordered several of the articles, such as a bed, pillows, &c., to be delivered up; and with regard to the assault, he thought it would be sufficient to bind the complainant over to his own recognizance to keep the peace.



HEAD-QUARTERS BEFORE DELHI. (See page 14)

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER LXXII.

VENGHA.—AT LUCKNOW, THE 13TH OF JULY.

THE heat at Lucknow on the 13th of July was something almost beyond endurance to people who had not been accustomed to an Indian summer from their birth; and even they, in the shape of the mutineers, showed their appreciation of the weather by a laziness in firing which was a new phase in the siege.

And what firing they committed themselves to was not of that high character which had so far distinguished their artillery.

In fact, to be candid, as we may, seeing that we English came out victorious at last, it may be admitted that the cannon of the enemy at Lucknow, helped, as it was, by English traitors, and two or three Russian and even French enemies, was a good deal better than our own.

The enemy's artillery, however, was distinguished by one fault. It was too liberal; and, as we shall show, even on this 13th of July they were beginning to feel their first temporary want of ammunition.

But, to set aside the questions of artillery practice and the want of ammunition, I beg to inquire, have you ever seen a cat watching a mouse-hole?

If so, you know how well off that animal is for patience. Nothing will permanently draw her away from the hole until she has discussed the last mouse.

Now, as far as patience and will was concerned, the eager Indian woman, Vengha, played the part of cat towards the English in India. Only, she never caught her mice.

In fact, she was caught herself.

And perhaps, here and at once, it may as well be hand in a few excuses for Vengha. We admire Judith destroying Holofernes for the good of her country;—why, then, condemn any woman who risks her life for the love of patriotism? This woman, this fierce Vengha, sought to exterminate the English, not from any hope of personal gain—beyond all question, as I shall show, her part in the great Indian mutiny was not one of selfishness.

She did not strive to "realize," as the Americans say.

Thus, I contend, she is entitled to some respect, however much she is to be disliked. We who love our country, who admire those who have risked their lives for their land, and who in their work have been successful through a sea of blood,—surely we cannot condemn any human creature who acts, however erroneously, not from greed, but from love of country. Indeed, we must not abhor that man or woman who risks life for a benefit not personal, but national.

Throughout Vengha's wild, fierce, idolatrous, merciless career, she showed no evidence of selfishness, except that selfishness which may charitably be called religious fervour.

Beyond all question she believed that Siva was working for the release of India; and while she knew Lota to be a false prophetess, she yet held the words done by Lady St. Maur in awe, because firmly she believed that it was Siva who prompted her, Vengha, to act so as to be instrumental in compelling Lady St. Maur to act as she did.

But all these remarks is not telling how Vengha was herself caught.

On the morning of that same 13th of July Chaplain George Graham, minister of the 8—th, having been tormented all the night with vermin to that extent that he looked upon his quarters

as a kind of Protestant purgatory, turned out just before dawn to try and find a little peace.

[And here we may remark, in passing, that the plague of flies and other insects, which fell upon the garrison about the middle of July, and remained far, far longer than either of the calamities that fell upon Egypt—the plague in question was so exorcising that it occurred to more than one man to wonder how those old Egyptians could have remained stubborn while they had a chance of relief.]

The chaplain had been walking for some few minutes under what remained of a splintered top of piling, and he had fallen into a luxurious sort of enjoyment of the unusual quiet, for not a sound of cannon broke upon the morning air, when he heard a hurried, quick whispering near him, and coming apparently from behind a pile of fallen brickwork.

He fancied he heard a voice not unknown to him. He stopped and listened.

The language used was the common tongue of the country, and the speaker was using it with great rapidity.

Was it the voice of a man or woman? the chaplain asked himself.

It was still dark, though the dawn was near at hand—dark as at midnight; for in the tropics the light follows the night almost as rapidly as a smile follows a frown on the face of a Spanish beauty.

Graham must have dropped into that stupid, mean-looking, listening attitude which is common to all eavesdroppers, for he could afterwards recall how he suddenly started, as his memory recognised the voice, and in starting struck his shoulder against a tree near at hand.

He recognised the voice.

It was the woman Vengha's; of this he felt sure.

He had seen much of her, he had known somewhat of her intrigues with the enemy, and he had guessed at much more. In a moment, with that rapidity with which thought in a time of surprise and danger concentrates itself, he remembered that she had suddenly disappeared before the mutiny broke out. And combining these recollections with the information known to the whole garrison, that the system of espionage within the defences was very effective, he came to the fierce, quick conclusion that the woman Vengha was near him, that she was a spy in the employ of the enemy, and that she was either giving information, or directing what was to be done.

Almost simultaneously with the discovery of her presence exist the formation of a conviction as to the cause of that presence, he asked himself what he should do.

He felt absolutely certain that the woman would leave the garrison before daybreak—her position near one of the strongest points of the line of defence, and therefore the least guarded, convinced him of this—and therefore he had to decide, and quickly, what should be done.

And here it was that his Christianity set to fighting with a knowledge of his duty. The first said, "Let her go; she is a woman, and you are a Christian. The enemy can do no more harm than they are achieving." The second argument declared sternly, "You are a soldier and an officer; you are bound to repress all mutiny, and contribute as far as in you lies to the safety of the army to which you belong."

And now how was he to decide?—and his decision, remember, had to be made in a few seconds.

Well, here is his decision, as set up by him long after the struggle was over.

"I felt," said he, "that perfect Christianity was a matter of time, and that, just as we had progressed in its dictates beyond our fathers, so our children would beyond us. Feeling, therefore, that the time for absolute mercy had not arrived, I tell you what I did—I turned, went to the nearest sentry, gave him the password, told him my business, and within two minutes from my discovery of the wretched woman by her voice she was a prisoner."

"So," said Vengha, when she was arrested—when she saw who was her accuser, and speaking in English—"it is you, is it? Good! Faith against faith! My god against yours! I, the minister of mine, against you, the minister of yours!"

"My poor woman!" said the minister, who alone was trembling at the position in which the spy stood—"my poor woman! do not use reproaches, but rather turn your mind to the position you are in."

She laughed lowly.

"Why, what dare you Christians do to me?" she said scoffingly. "You pardon your enemies, do you not? You must not destroy me; I am a woman. You Christians dare not shoot a woman, though she be a spy."

"And do you not in your heart feel kindly towards us for our mercy?"

"No—you are hypocrites—for I know you would destroy me if you dared!"

The good old chaplain (who, by the way, had by this time grown so mighty thin that some wit of the 8—th had urged that they had only got half a minister of grace)—the good old chaplain shook his head, and perhaps he felt there was making no Christian headway with a human being who looked upon every action of her enemy as a lie. He had found out during his life, say, and made the discovery a good many times, that when a man will give you credit for no truth the only mode of convincing him is by lying. Now, Chaplain Graham, though the humblest of Christians, had always been too proud to lie.

So he shrugged his shoulders—perhaps, a little after the French fashion—and turned away with a sigh; and I have heard that he did not raise his head, nor utter a word till he was in the presence of the officer in command of the division of the garrison near which the arrest had been made.

A few inquiries were put to her, and she answered them with the courage of a martyr.

Asked to give some account of herself, she said, "I am Vengha, and I am a spy. I have entered your camp and left it as I have pleased. I have given such news to my people, that, acted upon, it has made you hard English weep. Do with me as you will, you cannot take my vengeance from me. Kill me—a woman—if you dare. In my last moments I will whisper to myself, 'I destroyed them; they fell before me, and even in my death they serve me; for Siva will take me, even while warm in my death, to his wide, loving bosom!'"

The officer on duty stared awkwardly at the prisoner, then looked about him, and finally committed the woman to prison till the commandant could be communicated with.

Now it is not necessary here to go into any particulars respecting the court-martial which was held upon Vengha.

Openly she avowed the crime with which she was charged, and the avowal was made with such enthusiasm that perhaps each man who assisted at that court in his heart admired the woman. For Englishmen can respect courage in other people than their countrymen; and in this case they felt that they had to do, not with a mercenary who had bargained with the enemy—so much treasure for so much risk—but with a woman who, however mistaken, did act from a feeling of honest love for her country, and not from a sordid adoration of reward.

And what was the sentence?

Vengha had spoken with knowledge when she asked the chaplain what could they do with her?

What could they do with her?

Shoot her? Why, who ever heard of Englishmen shooting a woman-spy? It is true, our countrymen have never been very clever at the spy-catching division of warfare. Averse to spydom themselves, they are not adepts in their knowledge of the art as practised by their enemies; but, though our armies have shot down bearded spies, they have lowered their firearms before women and boy emissaries of an enemy.

Why, what could they do with Vengha?

This is what they did with her.

Having it in evidence that she was a Brahmin, she was sentenced to lose "caste," and then to be turned out of the garrison, and allowed to go whither she listed.

Perhaps this was a finding as wise as it was merciful. For if they could not sentence her to be shot, they were quite unable to keep her a prisoner, food already running short. Rations could not be expended on useless prisoners. Then, again, it was felt that



BEFORE DELHI. (See page 14.)



OUTLYING PICKETS ON THE LOOK-OUT BEFORE DELHI (See page 14.)

once paraded before the troops in garrison, her features would become so well known that any further attempt on her part at espionage would necessarily fail.

You see, English soldiers can afford to be merciful even to a spy.

Perhaps she trembled when she heard she was to lose "caste," for according to the Hindoo belief, not only is the loss of caste quite irrecoverable, but the belief holds that whatever the caste of the human being at the time of death, so the caste of the soul when it rises to heaven.

But if she trembled, only those very near her were able to perceive her fear.

When marched from battery to battery, that she might be quickly identified if she reappeared in the garrison, she moved with head erect, breast broad and expanded, meeting the glances of the soldiers without once quivering under the fierce looks, and frequently questionable words, that the less self-contained of the men flung at her.

Had every Hindoo during the mutiny been actuated by such bravery and awful will as this woman's, the result would have been deplorable for the length and breadth of India, for the English would have been expelled from a fair and peaceful domination, whatever the faults of that rule might have been; and the Mussulman population contending with the Hindoo Indians, such civil and undying war would have resulted, as would have been far more terrible, because more intermixed, than that of the present American struggle.

But when this woman came to the garrison slaughter-house she fell back, for the finding of the court-martial had been to the effect that the prisoner should be made to lose caste by sweeping together the blood-clotted refuse of the slaughter-house.

For a moment her fierceness caused even some men of the picket about her to fall back a step; then she snatched the stable-broom from the grinning burly soldier who was offering it to her, and running forward, eyes closed, into what, in the sight of the Brahmins, is an abomination—a slaughter-house—she struck about her several times on the soiled ground.

"Is it enough?" she said.

The officer charged with the carrying out of the sentence nodded his head.

She had irretrievably lost caste. By stepping upon blood, and by sweeping it, she had, according to the awfully cruel law of the Hindoo faith, lost caste, and from the highest the Brahmins had fallen almost to the lowest. She had fallen to the "sweeper" caste.

And as the comic and the tragic generally go hand in hand, so it was here; for as the enraged and degraded woman cast the broom upon the ground, the still grinning soldier butcher, who handed her the implement, bowed out, "Hallo, mum! don't fling the broom about, mum. That ain't English, mum: it's a true-grown Injan as yerself, mum."

"May I go?" she said.

"Yes."

And so she went, as proud in her fall as a mere human being could be. She did not show any signs of shame as she was dragged towards one of the gates of the citadel, whence several sorties had already been made.

She had been shamed, and was being cast out of the city, her very life the gift of contemptuous mercy, but she walked like a victress, and really and truly, if eye-witnesses are to be believed, appeared nobler and in a higher position than any of those about her.

A few moments, and the gate had been opened, and she was thrust forth.

And then it was that the tale spread that, having crossed the open to the enemy's lines, she turned in full view of those who were watching her from various loopholes in the outworks, and, raising her right clenched hand, she shook it fearlessly in the presence of half a hundred fire-arms, either of which commanded her position.

Then she stopped, removed her sandals, and struck them on the ground, as though she shook the dust of the English garrison from her feet. Then, rising, she resumed her stately walking, neither accelerating nor diminishing her speed; and so she turned a corner of a street, past a cannon and bullet-riddled house, and was lost to view.

"Ah, and a good British riddance to Indian rubbish," says Corporal—his pardon be begged—Sergeant Tim Flat.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

MISS SKEGGS IS MOVED.

TALKING of Tim Flat, it should be stated—But, before we talk of Tim, let us have a word concerning the garrison.

The 13th of July was not a satisfactory day at Lucknow.

They could gain no information beyond this—that any spy sent out of the garrison kept out from it.

All day long the English were expecting an attack.

On the previous evening the men had made an attempt on the Ballie Gate, but were, of course, repulsed; and at midnight they committed themselves to a similar performance, but only with the effect of putting themselves in a passion; for in the intervals between their sounding the advance, they were heard swearing at each other in that vigorous manner which appears to have at all times been common to armies.

But to return to the 13th and Tim Flat—first, of Skeggs and Jessie Macfarlane.

The reader will remember that a certain flag of truce between Jessie and Skeggs had been hung out in consequence upon their being similarly charitable towards the unlucky young Nobby and Obby Fisher.

Miss Skeggs was in trouble over her scent-bottle. Making her appearance in a handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin in as smart a bow—the handkerchief, of course, and not the dear's chin—as the circumstances would admit of, she fell into a chair, tears and a white pocket-handkerchief, in one and the same moment.

"Hey, what's jest the matter?" asks Jessie.

"Oh, that dear, dreadful boy of mine!"

She referred to Obby, and the Lurcher burst into fresh tears.

"Hey," says Jessie, in alarm, "has anything happened to the poor bairn?"

"Boy do you mean, Miss Farlane—Macfarlane Far, of course; but I don't think I've got it now. No, nothing is the matter with him. Don't smile, Miss Lanefarlane, till you hear. That boy's fingers is everywhere and a clinking heverrything, and which he will no more go to bed without his squirt—which where he found it I never have known—then me without a nightcap; which you know *of* your colour on my handkerchief stood between me and fasting in this ojas place, which, would you believe it, that dear boy have swallowed every drop of that *of* colour, and which he is that atrocitated there is no holding him, much less stopping; and I have come to ask, have you sitch a thing as a stummick pump, which how I have got here I know not, and doing it in a walking faint, I verily believe, Miss Lemso Sanfar.

Well, Jessie had just got as far in her answer as recommending an immediate what she called "moostered emetic" when Miss Skeggs gave a screech like a rusty crank, and even Jessie was discomposed by a most alarming and novel rushing noise in the air.

The next moment plump came a something upon the ground, within six paces of the young people.

Now I may tell the reader at once that the noise had come with the something, which was nothing more than an immense clump of wood, bound with iron, a number of which innocent and foolish

projectiles arrived in the garrison, and from the enemy, in the course of the day.

These billets—far from *doux*—however, served two purposes; the first was fire-wood, which was getting as scarce in the garrison as everything else that was wanted; while on the other hand, and as a kind of ugly balance, everything that was not wanted could be found in abundance.

The second satisfaction forwarded with those wooden favours was this—they proved in a plain, ligneous manner, that the enemy were getting hard up for round shot, which was natural, for they had pounded away as though cannon balls grew up like mushrooms—a crop in a single night.

So far, then, for the public effect of these little missives. But they served a third purpose—that of effecting a change in the sentiments of Wilhelmina Seraphina Skeggs.

But to fully comprehend this change the reader must recognise one of the peculiar rules of psychology, as applied to cowardice, and as evident, not only in Skeggs, but the world in general.

A man is brave only in his way. The soldier who is great in the field may tremble before a woman, or a hedge to be jumped; while another man, who, once in the saddle, will risk his life any moment during a hunt, will not have the courage to face even a pocket pistol.

It is a rule of courage that only the habitual act is the courageous one. Now the blocks of wood and the noise they made were very unusual, and therefore Skeggs, who had grown quite used to shell and cannon, and would dodge them like the Lurcher she was, could not stand these new projectiles.

"How am I to get home?" she said; and she clasped her skirts as though even they were in danger.

And now for Tim Flat.

He came just to time, and, strange to say, though the Skeggs could not venture home alone, she found she could do it with the young sergeant's help; though what protection he could be against the wooden enemy, perhaps even Wilhelmina, with all her cleverness, would have found it hard to show.

"Proud an' 'appy," says Tim, gallantly offering his arm when Jessie has put it to him whether he will escort the lady home.

Perhaps Jess had a twinge of conscience for thus turning of Tim to account.

And then and there Skeggs was much "struck" with Tim Flat.

As she said afterwards, "He appeared really so much the gentleman."

"These are sad times, sir, are they not?"

"Worry," says Tim, correcting himself with "Verry," the next moment.

"Which I hope my crinoline don't bang against you, being quite aware it is worn out and bulgy, but another not to be had, though mortifying it is to remember that they are to be picked up at home for next to nothing, even at the West End."

"Oh," says Tim, casting a lively glance at Willy, for it is only before Jess he is sheepish,—"I don't look at a crinoline; I only look at the darling that's in it."

"Now that's very charmin' of you to say that, sir," says Skeggs; and she comes quite to a conclusion that the sergeant is *indeed* quite the gentleman.

So she thinks she will make him some return. She says, "I've year'd of that little love affair there!"—and she points over her shrugging shoulder. "I'm sure I hope you may be happy—you ought to be!"

And here, not to be too delicate about it, I believe she squeezed Tim's arm.

Now Skeggs's sympathy was not worth much. But it is astonishing how easily we can be made to howl, when we have got the tears ready to turn on. Poor Tim had been loving in silence so long, he had been so utterly destitute of sympathy throughout his pangs of adoration, that this little bit of dry, chaffy condolence went as straight to Tim's heart as the kiss of a fellow's good mother. He never supposed at that point that, perhaps, Wilhelmina was saying one word for him, and two words for some young woman who thought far more of herself than did Jessie Macfarlane. Now this last sentence may be taken two ways.

So Tim looks straight down into the eyes of Miss Skeggs, and he finds that they are very pleasant eyes.

Her visual orbs were certainly the very best of the Lurcher's features.

"You're a nice gal," says the sergeant, his heart beating like, oh! like *two*, so grateful is he for the young person's word of sympathy.

"You're a gal, Miss Gregg, jest after my own art!"

"Ha! the art, the art!" says Miss Skeggs, trying all about to find a tear, but not discovering one. Perhaps she had exhausted her supply over the loss of her eau-de-cologne.

And as Tim does not answer, for he is asking himself what the devil he shall reply, she squeezes his arm once more, and she repeats, "The art, the human art, Mr. Flat is like."

Here it might have been supposed by any chance listener that the human heart was like a very sharp scream, for it was with a remark of that sort that Skeggs finished her speech, plunging into the arms of Tim Flat as she did so, as though she had known him from a boy.

The cause of that timid and fashionable dove's alarm was owing to the whirl and crash of another of those preposterous logs of fire-wood which the enemy was sending over, and which in their effect were something like a miserable car, which barks louder than any respectable dog, and does no further damage whatever.

Tim felt a new sensation as he caught the fair burden—I believe he rather liked it than otherwise; for, you see, when a fellow is in love, he prefers the company of any woman to that of the best of men. Yes; and she had spoken kindly to him.

Then again, as a sergeant, he had just acquired an indisputable right to marry; and perhaps that knowledge had something to do with the satisfaction, traitorous as it was to his love for Jessie Macfarlane, which he felt as he clasped the fair fashionable in his crimson arms.

And yet (oh, the wickedness of man!), after he had seen her home, and parted with her so tenderly that I believe he squeezed her hand—after she had pressed his—after all that sentiment, actually, being asked by Tom Dobbles, who had witnessed that pose when she fell into his arms, how he liked the treat, Tim actually replied, and he looked sheepish as he spoke, "Well, Tom, she were rayther bony."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

PREPARING.

THEY were in regular work at Delhi.

They meant to take the city, and that pretty rapidly.

Now we have compared hurrying up to Delhi, and we might carry the simile to the course, for there the little army of under 2,000, all men told, massed itself, and pushed forward to see the race between black and white.

The troops before Delhi (a) were made up of many sorts of soldiers; but they were all remarkable for one quality—determination—even down to the little Ghoorkas.

It the Delhites, quarrelling and divided amongst themselves, could have seen the eagle and wilful looks with which the "out-lying pickets" gazed towards the doomed city, they could have hoped no more to hold it.

(a) We offer a group of the fine fellows "before Delhi." To the left may be remarked one of the little Ghoorkas, who in the early part of the siege were so useful. His razor sword may be noticed at his side. It would cut a skull clean down to the nape of the neck.

Do you know the work of an outlying picket?

It is as exciting as a hunt—there is only this difference in it, that you are part of the game. There you are, beyond the main army, with no friends between you and the enemy—in fact, your post is to be between the enemy and your own people. Your eyes must be on all sides at once, your ears open, and you must even draw your breath lightly if you desire to be as clever as the enemy.

Your outlying picket's work is the most dangerous industry of a soldier's life, but it is the jolliest. Discipline is practically forgotten; and officers and men, equally sharing a great danger, attain a temporary familiarity which is very jolly. Outlying picket work—it is the pic-nicing of war, with the chance of being picked off yourself.

At headquarters (b) before Delhi things were at their best. It was like a town; and as the white tents flashed in the sun, as bayonets flashed here and there, as companies marched past, as bugles sounded, as dashing staff officers galloped past, or a gaily caparisoned elephant tramped past, people with light hearts looked upon the event as lively rather than otherwise.

There was one soldier who certainly looked upon the siege of Delhi as "gude work," as he called it.

I do not think Tim Flat would have cared to see this gentleman in question—Barty Sanderson, in fact, who appeared with no signs about him of joining the majority—in other words, of falling out of the ranks, and enlisting in the grand army of Death.

Tim's chances, "on condition," were, so far, small. And, indeed, Barty's own opinion was against Tim, without knowing him, happily believing, in common with all soldiers, that he would not be knocked over, he remarked to a companion, "I jest suppose we shall sweep out Delhi in a fortnight; and then hey for Lucknow and my bonnie Jessie, that I'll make Sergeant Barty Sanderson's wife as soon as the law will allow of."

(To be continued in our next.)

(b) We give an illustration of the headquarters in question.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

THE seasonable showers with which the past week was brought in has had a most salutary effect on vegetation generally. The gardens were sadly in want of rain, while gardening operations, such as hoeing, weeding, planting out, &c., &c., had been somewhat checked. The past week, then, has been one of welcome; and anything set down for doing in our last should again be referred to for the

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cauliflowers, and cabbages should be pricked out for planting as the weather shows the least favourable for such work, in order to get a good stock for autumn and winter. Celery should have plenty of water, as the first crops are apt to run to seed in a short time if not kept moist. A small sowing of carrots may be made to draw young; and the soil loosened round advancing crops. Plant out cespitose. Water and mulch cucumbers on ridges. Plant the strongest endive on good ground a foot apart. Sow spinach whatever the weather may be, as it soon runs to seed, and keep watered in dry weather. Make a liberal sowing of turnips, the Dutch or Stone, for autumn use. Keep tomatoes well trained to the wall and well watered, or little fruit may be expected this season. Weed and hoe up all advancing crops.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Look over auriculas, and keep free from weeds; also see if they are well drained. Thin the buds of carnations and pinks, and remove all laterals as they appear. Plant out the remaining portion of Chrysanthemums, stocks, &c., in showery weather. Thin out and stake the shoots of the various herbaceous plants. Give dahlias occasionally mulching or well-rotted manure about their roots, and tie each stem to its stake as it grows, not forgetting to trap earwigs. Thin out the weakest and tie up the strongest buds of pinks: if the buds are sufficiently forward, tie some waxed thread round, to prevent them bursting, twisting the ends together, which will be a sufficient fastening; and put in pipings. Should mildew appear on polyanthus, give them a dusting with the flower of sulphur. Shade ranunculuses from heat to prolong the bloom: flowers intended for cross-breeding should not be shaded. Attend to the summer pruning of autumnal roses; by cutting back to half the length of half of the new shoots, better blooms will be produced on those left, and more than compensate for the cutting away, while those cut back will bloom in August or September. Take up tulip roots when the foliage has thoroughly faded, and dry them in a shady, airy place; but do not remove the offsets of the parent bulb till all are dry. Continue to peg down all plants that require it.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Take advantage in showery weather to remove the clay from grafts, where the growth of the scion requires matting to be loosened. Sow strawberry runners in small pots for forcing. Continue to prune or stop fore-right shoots of wall trees. Look over apple trees and destroy blight with a tolerably hard brush. Give peach and nectarines a final thinning, and stop all laterals above the second joints.

THE AUSTRIAN IRON-CLAD.

THE engraving in page 4 represents a recently-constructed iron-clad, built for the Austrian Government. It is being fitted for sea, and will prove a most dangerous antagonist for any of the wooden ships belonging to the Danish navy.

MURDER IN IRELAND.—On the 1st instant, Margaret M Carron, an old beggar-woman, aged about sixty, living in a cabin at Derr-y, near Rosales, county Fermanagh, was found barbarously murdered, with her throat cut from ear to ear. The door of her house was observed locked on Sunday, but no notice was taken of it, it being of frequent occurrence during her absence, collecting alms; and, probably, the horrible deed would have remained longer before being discovered, but that some children who were playing near the house peeped through the keyhole, and observed blood on the ground, and having mentioned the circumstance to the neighbours, the door was immediately broken in, when the horrid deed was revealed to them. A box was lying near the body, broken open, supposed in search of money, which it was believed the deceased had, and was the motive for the deed, as it was known in the neighbourhood that the deceased occasionally received a small remittance from a daughter in America. Another account states that there can be no doubt the murder was perpetrated in order that the assassin might possess himself of some five or six pounds which his unfortunate victim was known to possess, and usually carried in a small bag attached to a string around her neck, and which she only a short time previously received from the parish priest, who had it in charge. When the neighbours went to force open the door, suspecting that all was not right, the landlord, a farmer residing within 150 yards of the poor woman's house, and from whom she rented the cabin at £1 per annum, prevented their doing so, stating that she was absent, and which was a very natural conclusion to come to, as the door was fastened on the outside with a padlock; but the neighbours, knowing well her punctual habits in returning each night, would not be persuaded to desist, and consequently broke open the door, when the horrid sight of the mutilated body met their view.—*Fermanagh Reporter.*

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THE best and sweetest Perfume of the day is "THE SPIRIT OF LOVE," price 1s. per bottle, prepared only by J. M. ROBERTSON, 22, Lawrence-lane, Chancery.

PIANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY, at MOORE and MOORE'S, 104, Bishopsgate-street Within. These Pianos are of rare excellence, with the best improvements recently applied, which affect a grand, pure, and delightful quality of Tone that cannot be surpassed. First-class Pianos for hire on any terms of season. Jury Award, International Exhibition; "Honourable mention for Good and Cheap Pianos." The best Harmoniums at the lowest prices.

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FOR SALE, CHEAP.—SELLING OFF.—A water or air bed, cost 65s, price 35s. Vapour bath, 5s. Weighing machine, 25s. Black's iron furnace, 5s, 7s 6d, and 12s. 14 volumes of the "Lancet," 30s. A fern case, strongly made of zinc, 6ft high, 22 1/2 in wide 12 1/2 in deep, price 50s. The newly-invented miners' safety lamps, 10s; they prevent explosion under any circumstances. One-gallon copper still, 12s. Two-gallon tin still, 7s 6d each. Glass gasometer, with 1 glass stop-cock, 25s. Zinc gasometer, 10s, 12s, and 25s each. Blowpipe Bellows, 12s. 41, ENDRELL-STREET, LONG-ACRE, W.C.

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GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—CHEAP EXCURSION TO RYE HOUSE and BROOKBOURNE and Back (by special train, at 10 a.m. from Bishopsgate), every SUNDAY and MONDAY, and at 10.30 a.m. every Saturday. Fare for the Double Journey—3s 6d, 5s 6d, and 1s 6d. By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

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